

EBONY

CONFESSIONS OF A 'TOKEN BLACK'

by Roger Wilkins

TUSKEGEE:
City Of
History
And Hope

Mrs. Lynn Swann:
**Football
Star's Wife
Talks About
Problems Of
'Looking White'**

**Why
Richard Pryor
Stopped Saying
'Nigger'...
and why
he's seeking a
special woman
to bear
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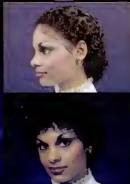
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SPEAKING

CLINICAL ENGINEERING DIRECTOR



Marvin R. Neals, director of clinical engineering service at Greenville Hospital System, Inc. in Greenville, S.C., formulates, directs and coordinates a maintenance program to assure safety and continued performance of clinical equipment. While in the U.S. Army, he attended the service's biomedical technology schools to pursue the field of clinical engineering. He is now a certified senior biomedical engineering technologist. Neals and his wife, Theresa, have two sons, one daughter.

HBO REGIONAL MANAGER

Claude J. Wells is north central regional manager of Home Box Office (HBO), the nation's leading pay-TV programming service. Wells manages the sales and marketing activities of HBO, Cinemax, a 24-hour movie channel, and USA Network, an advertiser-supported cable programming network, in the Chicago metropolitan area. He has an M.B.A. from the U. of Colorado and is co-founder of Minorities in Cable and New Technologies. Chicago residents, Wells and wife Carolyn are bowlers.



BUYER FOR D.C. TRANSIT AUTHORITY



Wanda E. Mooreman is a buyer for the Washington (D.C.) Metropolitan Transit Authority. She is responsible for the procurement and contracting of all materials and services for bus operations within the transit system. A firm believer that education enhances one's marketability, she is proud of the fact that she received a master's degree in Business and Public Administration (Southeastern U.) prior to reaching the age of 25. Ms. Mooreman also has a B.S. degree from Bluefield State College in West Virginia.

OF PEOPLE

CHIEF ECONOMIST

Dr. Jack W. Wilkinson is chief economist for Sun Co., Inc. in Radnor Pa. He serves as chief economic spokesman for the corporation and assists senior management in the setting of goals, the identification of economic risks associated with alternative investment decisions, and the development of strategic and operational plans. A graduate of Temple University, Dr. Wilkinson is a vice president and liaison for the International Assn. of Energy Economists. He and his wife, Olivia, are parents of Karen, 12, Jack Jr., 11.



AIRPORT EXECUTIVE

Melvin McCray is director of maintenance at Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport in Atlanta, Ga., the world's largest and second busiest airport. He supervises 94 staff members and directs the maintenance, repairs and operations of the airport's grounds and facilities, including the runways. McCray, a graduate of Georgia State University, is a member of the American Assn. of Airport Executives. He is married and the father of two daughters by a previous marriage. His hobbies include tennis.

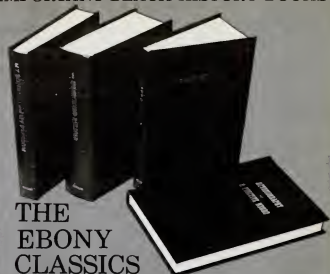


BIOMEDICAL DIRECTOR

Dr. William R. Douglas, director of the Biomedical Sciences Division of American Standard Testing Bureau, Inc. in New York City, is an expert in the field of aerospace medicine. Dr. Douglas, a native of Indianapolis, Ind., has been appointed chairman of the Second UN Conference on the Exploration and Peaceful Uses of Outer Space (UNISPACE '82) to be held in Vienna, Austria, this August. He received his Ph.D. degree from Columbia University. Dr. Douglas is the father of five daughters.



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A full-page photograph of a man and a woman in a dance studio. The man, on the left, is wearing a blue short-sleeved shirt with two thin white horizontal stripes and dark trousers with a gold belt buckle. He is smiling and looking up at the woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a purple leotard and pointe shoes. She is in a high arabesque position, with her right leg extended horizontally to the side and her left leg supporting her weight. She is also smiling and looking towards the camera. They are holding hands, with the man's hands supporting the woman's raised arms. The background is a brick wall and a large window reflecting the interior.

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From the day young Arthur Mitchell showed up, in top hat and tails, to audition for New York's High School of Performing Arts, it was obvious that he had a statement to make. After graduation, Mitchell accepted a scholarship to the School Of American Ballet, and went on to become the first black principal dancer with New York City Ballet. In 1968, he founded the Dance Theatre of Harlem, a performing company and school that has been instrumental in introducing black youth to the world of classical dance. Mitchell's dance theatre has won international acclaim. More importantly, it has become a springboard that launches careers, realizes potential, and changes lives. Fourteen years into the project, Arthur Mitchell shares some of his motivation and observations.

When Mitchell started the Dance Theatre, people laughed. He says, "At that time, there was a fallacy that blacks could not do classical ballet, and I was an exception. So rather than argue, I said, 'let me show them.'" And show them he did. Learning to audit, write proposals and raise funds, Arthur Mitchell made his dream a reality. And the black youth of Harlem came pouring in to share it. Four hundred of them the first summer. Mitchell taught them to understand and appreciate classical dance. But he also taught them much more.

"Discipline," Mitchell says, "transcends into everyday life to make you a better human being."

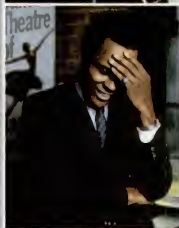
The Dance Theatre of Harlem produces great dancers. But it also produces great people who leave Arthur Mitchell's school with a new awareness of human potential. "Do not make yourself or your life so subjective that you're locked into one thing," he tells them. And they have not, using their new-found discipline to become doctors, lawyers, administrators and writers.

What Arthur Mitchell has communicated is belief in the possible. For his dancers, it means toning the mind as well as the muscles. For his audience, it is more evidence that opportunity is the path to excellence. And for his students, it means a lasting dedication to performance in everything.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DREAM GIRLS

"Ain't you got no shame?"

You did to Ms. Jennifer Holliday what is done to the character she portrays in *Dreamgirls* (May 1982). Why was she not good enough for the cover of *EBONY*? Why was she not given two substantial pictures instead of those puny items you included? While the article may be entitled "Dreamgirls," she is obviously its main subject. She deserved better from your layout department, among others.

My God!—the woman is the reason *Dreamgirls* is a success. This is not to detract from the other cast members, but REALLY. At least *Sunday Morning*—CBS, had the rare good sense to focus on the "best."

B. KAYE WATSEN

Tucson, Ariz.

Editor's Note: Miss Holliday chose not to appear with the three other actresses on the cover of *EBONY*. We feel that, compared to others in *Dreamgirls*, she was given a fair amount of space in the layout.

DORIS McMILLON

One of the most touching stories ever published in *EBONY* was that of Doris McMillon's search for her biological parents (May 1982). This modern saga rivals that of Alex Haley and his search for Kunta Kinte. Of these tremendous stories underscore the very rich history of which Black people are deservedly proud.

Congratulations for permitting us to share in such a beautiful experience.

STEPHEN E. MCPHERSON

Englewood, N.J.

I have read your May 1982 issue. I loved it. It was very, very good. The article, "Double Reunion," by Doris McMillon should win an award for the month's best story. I want to thank you for such a touching human interest story.

JOYCE HATTER GRAY

Brooklyn, N.Y.

100 MOST INFLUENTIAL

After seeing your (May 1982) list of "The 100 Most Influential Black Americans," I notice again the absence of Barbara Jordan (She was not on last year's list). I see again people who are affiliated with sororities, Masons, beauty culturists, etc. and cannot understand how Barbara Jordan can be "overlooked."

LINDA BELL

Dallas, Tx.

Editor's Note: By retiring from active politics, former Congresswoman Barbara Jordan relin-

Continued on Page 14



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LETTERS Continued

quished her position of national influence, which was the basis for EBONY's including her in "The 100 Most Influential Black Americans" in previous years.

APRIL COVER GIRL

There are a lot of beautiful, talented Black men and women in Pontiac, Mich., and Brenda Alexander (your cover girl on the April, 1982 issue), is an example. Thank you, EBONY, for recognizing and showing the nation that the West Coast is not the only place to find lovely ladies. And what makes it so sad is that there are still a lot of beautiful Black people (like Brenda) in Pontiac who have not had the chance to be recognized. However, I'm quite certain that if they keep trying, maybe some day someone like Eunice Johnson will surprise them.

Once again, I would like to say, "Right on, Eunice!" You really know your work. And on behalf of all the brothers and sisters of Pontiac, congratulations, Brenda Alexander, and good luck in the future.

Also, thanks to Norman Hunter. As usual, he photographs beautifully.

JAMES WHITE

Pontiac, Mich.

BRITISH TV STAR'S SEARCH

I was pleased to see the article, "British TV Star Searches For Unknown GI Father" (April 1982), and I wish Iris Williams success in her endeavor to locate her father in the U.S.

This article prompted me to write to say how informative EBONY magazine truly is. I can remember in 1956 or 1957 when I read of the plight of the Amerasian child—children like Ms. Williams fathered by GI's overseas whose mothers did not keep them and who, for the most part, had a tough life as they did not belong to anyone. I remember reading primarily about the Japanese/Black children suffering overseas because of their dual heritage. It was this heart-rending article in EBONY that inspired my decision to adopt one of the lost Brown kids overseas.

I was a teen-ager at the time—poor, Black, the eldest of seven kids—but yet determined to help someone. The dream to adopt one of the children overseas remained with me for 21 years.

I am proud to write after all those years that my dream became a reality and my "beautiful rose," namely Kimiko Yvonne-Doris, of Korean/Black heritage, arrived here from Seoul, South Korea, on Oct. 21, 1977. Our Kimiko (Japanese name) is a very special blessing from God and we thank Him daily for implanting this beautiful rose in our garden to blossom in our lives.

I would also like to commend EBONY for its new size.

MRS. YVONNE BURKS

St. Louis, Mo.

MARRY A SUCCESSFUL MAN

I read with annoyance your article, "How To Marry A Successful Man" (April 1982). How could you mislead Black women to believe that if

EBONY • July, 1982

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LETTERS Continued

they are just smart enough, pretty enough and well-groomed enough, the successful Black man will look at them with interest? You and I both know that the only thing a successful Black man looks to the Black woman for is new ways to humiliate and degrade her. He is hard on the look-out for a White woman; she needn't be particularly smart, pretty or well-groomed—just White. The space spent on such fantasy articles could be better used on Black history, child care information, financial advice, etc.

Please, EBONY, no more cruel jokes on your female readers.

Stamford, Conn.

JOYCE BURRIS

Since no one claimed authorship of "How To Marry A Successful Man" (April 1982), may I please apply? I truly feel I wrote those words. They were right on straight ahead. Successful men and men who are headed for success (which is where I am) seek out women who will aid them along the highly competitive pathways. Most of us know that success is nothing without someone we love to share it with. However, I feel that if a successful man is to maintain that status, he needs one thing over all others from that wife. He needs her support. So ladies, you have your instructions. Now go out there and land that successful man. We are waiting for you.

Chicago, Ill.

OTIS WHEELER JR.

I read with interest and some amusement the by-lineless article, "How To Marry A Successful Man."

The traditional contract between men and women was that the man would provide food and "things," while the woman would provide sex and the children that normally went with the sexual act. The more able the male was to provide, the more able he was to attract and hold on to a mate and have a sexual life.

For Blacks living in America, this normal way of doing things was never allowed to take root because Black men were never permitted, with few exceptions, the provider role, first through slavery, and later, welfare.

That is the main reason why Black women, contrary to what the poets say, have never cared that much for their men.

And that is also one of the major reasons why there is so much violence in the Black community. Most of this violence is committed by sexually frustrated young males.

They are sexually frustrated because, no matter how many buttons they unbutton on their shirts, they will never be considered attractive because they are consciously or unconsciously perceived as potentially poor providers.

What is happening to us is profoundly Darwinian. And, as further proved by your article, no matter how well explained the intellectual overlay that modern society has developed, underneath still some basic, highly primitive realities.

San Francisco, Calif.

FRED BEAUFORD

I read your article, "How To Marry A Successful Man," and the rules were quite clear: She must be meticulously groomed, keep her body in excellent shape, etc. etc. etc. My question is this: What happens if you don't feel like painting

Continued on Page 16

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LETTERS *Continued*

your face today or you gain a few pounds after the baby is born? What happens if you become disfigured or (heaven forbid) become old?

I thank you for that article. During these times of "Reaganomics," "rat race," and "ladder-climbing," it made me remember why I fell in love with my man. Because I feel comfortable with him. No phonies.

For that I'll give up "success" any day.

MRS. SHIRLEY WALTON

Maywood, Ill.

EBONY ADVISOR

I am writing in response to the 22-year-old male in your April EBONY Advisor column who despaired over being bald. I would like for B. F. to know that I think bald heads are sexy. Nothing gets my attention and turns me on like a completely smooth head. And I am not by myself by any means; Isaac Hayes, Yul Brynner, Telly Savalas, to name only a few, have seen to that.

Take my word for it; there are a lot of worse things than baldness.

I. A. MAYS

Atlanta, Ga.

ALI'S 'RETIREMENT' HOME

Compliments for your short but elegant story, "Muhammad Ali's Multi-Million Dollar 'Retirement' Home" (March 1982). He is a former world heavyweight boxing champion with as much class and comfort in retirement as he had at the peak ("Thrilla in Manila") of his career as "The Greatest."

The world has never known a heavyweight with such day-to-day class. Country-born (Kentucky) Ali reminds me of my growing up in pork chop country, Gifford, Fla.

Although the hype of Ali winning and the shallowness of Ali losing now and then are behind for his friends, relatives, personal fans and hangers-on, I remain elated at Ali's legend, comprised of the best to date.

Who's to say Muhammad Ali is not a king among kings and a people's champ?

More importantly, Ali is a positive example for Blacks in that he has made it to the top but yet has not dissociated his person from the not-so-fortunate Blacks, something some of our other undisputedly successful brothers and sisters should begin to relate to meaningfully.

In closing, there's only need for me to say "right-on" and "keep-on-keepin'-on." Ali, your "Retirement Palace" (of luxury, comfort and class) sure is 'bad'; just as the residents are...No. 1!!!

BLAIR SMITH

Avon Park, Fla.

Come on, EBONY! Please no more Ali! He is not worth the ink and beautiful pictures you wasted on him (March 1982). He now shows us a palace with an English governess. That just had to be a misprint, I thought. Not the man who wrote "Muhammad Ali Challenges Black Men," if I'm not mistaken he wrote about us respecting Black women. Didn't he write in that article (EBONY Jan. 1975), "Respect your women; love and protect your children; stand up for what you

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LETTERS

Continued

believe"? If what he believes in standing up for is slapping our women in the face, he stands tall. With hundreds of women who are child care experts out of work among our own, he goes not only to another country but another race. Has he forgotten what the Hon. Elijah Muhammad taught him for years? Do something for yourself. Self first.

ALVIN LATHAN

Chicago, Ill.

Letters intended for this column should be addressed to: **Letters To The Editor, EBONY Magazine, 820 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605.** To be considered for publication, letters must bear the name and address of the sender and -because of space limitation- should not be unduly long.

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- 22-Moneta Sleet Jr.
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Abbreviations: AP-Associated Press, BS-Black Stars, UPI-United Press International, WW-World Wide.

An insert card for Salem Cigarettes appears between pages 114 and 115 in this issue.

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BEFORE



AFTER

Makeup Roosevelt Cartwright Vandell Cobb Photo

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GOODYEAR

BACKSTAGE

NEXT month in the 18th consecutive August special issue, **EBONY** will take a deep look into the life of the Black woman of the 1980s. **EBONY** will bring you her successes and her failures, her problems and her solutions, her lifestyles, her achievements and her hopes and fears for the future.

It is fitting that **EBONY** is the magazine devoting an entire issue to the Black woman. The flagship publication of the Johnson Publishing Co., **EBONY** has long been a pioneer in recognizing the talents of women and in giving those talents a chance to blossom.

Throughout the years during the rise of **EBONY** to prominence as the biggest and best Black publication ever, the magazine has consistently been influenced by women in key positions. Mrs. Eunice W. Johnson, wife of publisher John H. Johnson, suggested the name **EBONY** and today is the secretary-treasurer of the company and director of Ebony Fashion Fair.

Women have been a part of the editorial staffs of **EBONY** since shortly after the magazine was first published, usually as writers, assistant editors and as-

sociate editors. In the late '50s and the '60s, Era Bell Thompson served as co-managing editor and later as the first international editor of the publication, a title she still holds. She is shown above during coverage of a safari in Kenya in 1969.

Participation by women in the operation of the magazine and other businesses of the corporation has never been limited to "traditional" women's positions such as those in foods and fashions. Black women writers have covered sports stories and men have written on foods and fashions. Writers, male and female, have covered all kinds of stories regardless of their sex.

An important and sensitive position in any corporation is that of comptroller, the person who oversees the finances of the company. At Johnson Publishing Co., that post is held by Mildred Clark, a vice-president who obtained that rank long before ERA became a rallying cry for women in the United States.

An equally sensitive position in a corporation is that of general counsel. That position at Johnson Publishing Co. is held by Vice-President June Acie Rhinehart. She has the distinction of starting with the company as a secretary, finishing college and law school



while working fulltime and passing her bar examination on her first try.

EBONY pioneered in the hiring of Black women in advertising sales in the late '50s and continues to employ qualified women in that field.

Of 12 vice presidents in the corporation, five (Mildred Clark, Circulation Agency director Willie Miles Burns, June Acie Rhinehart, personnel director LaDoris Foster and fashion coordinator Linda E. Johnson) are women who hold their posts only because they are fully qualified to do the jobs the positions require.

The Black woman of the '80s is going to have to be a talented, trained and assertive woman if she is to be a success. Black women at the Johnson Publishing Co. have already proved that it can be done.

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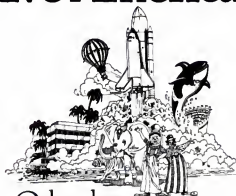
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EBONY BOOK SHELF

AS unbelievable as it may seem now, there was a time in the Republic when White people believed that Blacks were biologically incapable of playing major league baseball. In the late 1940s, Branch Rickey, the imperial manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, decided to challenge that myth. An extensive search finally turned up a Black "superman" — a superior ballplayer and an educated and articulate man who was tough enough to hold back his own anger at the bigotry and hatred he was sure to face. The man's name was Jack Roosevelt ("Jackie") Robinson. When he took his place at first base at Ebbets Field on April 15, 1947, a new era opened for Black Americans and Black athletes.

Rickey and Robinson (Macmillan, \$13.95) takes us behind the scenes of that magic moment, exploring the lives and personalities of both the ironfisted baseball executive and the fiercely proud son of Georgia sharecroppers. A celebration of the triumph of two men whose time had come, the book focuses on a collaboration which had a major impact on sports, sports media and American race relations. Although one can argue over details, including the title, which should have been "Robinson and Rickey," author Harvey Frommer provides a nostalgic account of one of the golden moments of post-World War II history.

For half a century, Roy Wilkins worked for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In **Standing Fast** (Viking, \$15.95), which he wrote with Tom Mathews before his death in 1981, he recalls his life, from his birth in St. Louis in 1901, his childhood and youth in St. Paul, and his early employment as a reporter for the Kansas City Call, to his true vocation with the NAACP. It was a life that spanned the years from the Jim Crow laws of the early part of the century to the marches and demonstration of the '60s and '70s. Throughout this period, Wilkins was the man behind the headlines. His death last year ended a productive and dramatic life; his story is an interesting recollections of the events and people who changed the meaning of race in America.

Keeping the Faith (University of Illinois

Press, \$17.50) is an analytical study of "A. Philip Randolph, Milton P. Webster, and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, 1925-37." The book, by Professor William H. Harris of Indiana University, is a worthy companion to an earlier study, B. R. Brazeal's **The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters**. Professor Harris's book traces the internal development of the union, the resilience of its leaders and the way these men dealt with other Blacks, White labor organizations and the Pullman Company management to achieve the contract that brought dignity and collective strength to the Pullman porter.

A Man's Life (Simon & Schuster, \$17.95), a brilliant autobiography by a Black explorer who "sailed as far out into the White world as a black man of my generation could sail," by Roger Wilkins. See page 69.

The Black Manager: Making It in the Corporate World (Amacom, \$16.95), a coping guide for Blacks in the White business structure, by Floyd Dickens Jr. and Jacqueline B. Dickens.

The Green Line (Charles River, \$12.95), a first novel about a once-idealistic social worker embittered by poverty and corruption, by Tom Molloy.

Notes and Tones (Putnam, \$7.95), musician to musician interviews featuring Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Erroll Garner, Nina Simone and others, by Arthur Taylor.

Black Masculinity (Black Scholar Press, \$7.95), an analysis of the Black male's role in American society, by Robert Staples.

The New Black Politics (Longman, \$12.95 paper), studies of the Black quest for political power, edited by Michael B. Preston, Lennel J. Henderson Jr., and Paul Puryear.

Scandalize My Name (Garland, \$60.00), a study of the Black image in American popular music, by Sam Dennison.

The Story of the Blues (Chilton, \$19.95), an illustrated history of the blues, by Paul Oliver.

Black Child (Knopf, \$8.95), a photographic vision of what it is like to grow up Black in South Africa, by Peter Magubane.

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Cleveland	July 24	New York	September 11
Los Angeles	August 1	*Stars for each show may vary.	

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Good times together for the Ray Leonard family are sometimes far between because of the demands on the champion, but when they do get time together, the family agrees that "it's truly cherished."



Sugar Ray Faces Biggest Fight—Outside The Ring

Success in boxing and business and his eye injury complicate family life for champion

By Norman O. Unger

HIS BIG brown eyes still flash as brightly as ever. The twinkle that brought more offers for commercials than he'd ever have time to do is still there. But Sugar Ray Leonard, king of the welterweights and boxing's darling, isn't quite the same.

And while his Midas touch may have dwindled from 24 to 18 carat, because of an unscheduled hospital visit to repair a detached retina in his left eye,

Preferring the more relaxed life at home, Juanita plays with her toy poodle Polo (above) who has free run of the house without competition. Later, Juanita enjoys her favorite pastime, being a homemaker for Sugar Ray and their son.





RAY'S BIGGEST FIGHT *Continued*

the champ has been forced to take a new look at his life.

Having recently celebrated his 26th birthday by taking a spin in his new Rolls-Royce and checking the final segments of his syndicated TV show, *Sugar Ray Leonard's Golden Gloves*, the most popular athlete in America settled down to thoughts of a long-deserved but unexpected vacation with his family.

Unfortunately, no sooner had boxing's \$10-million man gotten down to the final week of training for a May 14 fight, then the eye surgery was done, postponing his plans and clouding his future.

Although doctors say that in six to eight months Leonard will be fully healed and he can return to the ring, friends, foes and critics are urging the 1976 Olympics gold medal winner to retire. Even his number one fan, his wife, Juanita, hopes that his hiatus is more on the permanent side, and his son, Ray Jr., has asked him why he

EBONY • July, 1982



Ray Charles Leonard prepares for a spin in his Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit (with "RCI" license plates) and later (below) discusses possible seating arrangements for dinner in their elegant dining room with Juanita.

Continued on Page 31

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL

Come and listen to the most famous names in jazz. Some time this year, somewhere near you, they'll be playing and singing their unforgettable sounds. Don't miss them.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVALS, 1982

Washington, D.C.	May 29-30
San Diego	May 30-June 5
Orlando	June 4-13
Philadelphia	June 7-13
Pittsburgh	June 13-20
Atlanta	June 21-27
Hampton, Va.	June 24-27
New York	June 25-July 4
Cincinnati	July 12-18
Minneapolis/ St. Paul	July 13-18
Seattle	July 30-Aug. 6
Milwaukee	Aug. 11-15
Newport, R.I.	Aug. 21-22
Chicago	Aug. 30-Sept. 5
Detroit	Sept. 1-6
New Orleans	Sept. 15-19
Houston	Sept. 16-19
Dallas/ Ft. Worth	Sept. 23-26
San Francisco	Oct. 16-22
Los Angeles	Nov. 5-10

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Little Ray enjoys himself on the family piano with his dad as they team up for leisure time as well as for several very popular television commercials which have made even Little Ray a star.

RAY'S BIGGEST FIGHT *Continued*
won't quit fighting and start playing basketball.

And while the man everybody seems to love and most would love to fight won't be working up a sweat in the ring, you can bet he won't sit around long enough to gain an ounce on his 147-pound body.

Between commercials, public appearances, endorsements, ringside commentating for ABC and Home Box Office, training for a fight, or talking up one, the champ is one very busy man.

Because his advisors are currently "looking for something that's right for me," as Leonard reveals, he would be a natural for a script similar to the movie

Has Success Spoiled Rock Hunter? "I had said I would never get into that Hollywood thing, but I'm moving in that direction now. Some people might think so, but whatever success I've had hasn't spoiled me. That's a question a lot of people always ask, or look for," he says with a laugh. "I just don't know why people are looking for me, for Juanita, and Little Ray to change. We all get older; hopefully we mature, but I don't think money will ever change the three of us. About the only things it has changed over the years are our address and the labels in our clothes."

Nearly three years ago, before the 1976 Olympics hero won his first pro boxing title, Sugar Ray explained, with

Continued on Next Page

RAY'S BIGGEST FIGHT *Continued*
 his parents sitting at his side, what he thought the future held: "Marriage? I'm not ready for it yet. I think marriage is a very sacred thing. By the time I do get married, I'll probably be over 30 and retired. ... Then again, you never know. I might get married to-morrow." His last thought was closest to the mark. Ninety days later, Juanita Wilkinson, the young woman who at 16 had borne him a son, became his wife. And just to make sure their anniversary wouldn't be too hard for a travelling man to remember, she set the wedding date for her own 23rd birthday, January 19.

Three titles and 20 million dollars later, Sugar Ray admits that his hectic schedule and search for new worlds to conquer takes its toll. "It's tough on Juanita, and very tough on Little Ray, who's now going on nine. My wife doesn't travel with me as much as she would like to because it's all work and no play. My concern for Little Ray is that if he gets into a little incident with some kids at school or whatever, he can't run home and tell his father. He has to come home and tell his mother, and it really shouldn't be that way.

"On the other hand, Juanita deserves the kind of love she gives me and I'm not always there to give it. A



A typical day at home often begins with a playful hug (above) followed by a restful game (left) which leaves the champ, who frequently loses, in the mood for a little ego soothing from Juanita.





**If you think all orange juice is the same...
Tropicana's gonna
change your mind**



These people thought all orange juices were the same until they tasted Tropicana. It changed their minds. We don't know if Tropicana's fresh taste will change your mind, but we're confident enough to ask you to try us.



Big brother Kenny Leonard (above), serves as the champ's right hand man as he helps with the training equipment, occasionally puts on the gloves and makes sure nothing is damaged when the tape comes off (below) when the work is done.



RAY'S BIGGEST FIGHT Continued

phone call is not always that good anymore. It's not like when we were boyfriend and girlfriend. We both understand that, so we work at making our relationship stronger. So when I am staying somewhere there is a warm climate, I call her and ask her to come spend a few days with me.

"Believe it or not," adds Ray, "there's a bet going around that we won't stay together beyond 1982. It's an old Hollywood saying that once a person makes it big... People are expecting us to break up. We proved them wrong last year. We're tight and we're the better for it. We've made it through the hurt and pain."

Having captured the welterweight (147-pound) title twice and the junior middleweight crown (151-pound), the only jewel that remains in the trilogy that Sugar Ray Leonard said was his goal in boxing is that of middleweight (160-pound) champion. Now the lack of weight is a lesser obstacle than his eye.

Otherwise, the Maryland native plans to expand what he's already doing in television, get into movies and become an "entrepreneur involved with owning TV and radio stations," he reveals, saying he has plans for both sides of the camera.

Juanita, the "girl-next-door type" who refuses to let her married name, Mrs. Sugar Ray Leonard, get in her way, is pleased with the idea that her famous husband is considering at least one more very expensive purchase. "He wants to buy a ranch of about 70 or 80 acres," she chimes in from the kitchen of their small but exquisitely furnished home in the Maryland foothills not far from Washington, D.C. "And I think it's great because it may give him a reason to stay home a little longer before he gets restless. He wants to have horses, chickens, and make it just like a farm. But you can bet he won't get his hands too dirty."

While that might be true about work, Sugar Ray admits that he and his son keep the washing machine going with action on their newly-installed tennis and basketball courts. But Little Ray's favorite is the boxing glove-shaped swimming pool. "When I get big, my house will have seven floors and a pool on all of them," adds Ray Jr.

In recalling their life before fame and fortune, Sugar Ray says that during his pre-Olympic days when training for an amateur fight was about all he could afford, let alone a girlfriend, "She was the one working and would bring the check home and give me half.

Later on, I'd go to a party and she'd be so tired that she'd stay home and go to bed." Then, with the mischievousness that keeps their relationship "interesting," he sighs: "God, I wish it could still be that way."

Joining him in reminiscing about the "good old days," Juanita adds, "At first I hated it all. But it wasn't ever hard for me to support him because I loved him and I knew how much boxing meant to him." And the proof of her love saturated the clothes she wore home from work each evening. They smelled of the gasoline she pumped as part of her duties at a service station.

Recognizing that Little Ray "needs more than a bunch of new toys," the champ said he is working on expanding his family. "I am aiming at another kid; boy or girl, it doesn't matter. It's just she (Juanita) won't cooperate."

For the moment, Juanita is adamant. "I have told him time and again," she says, "we can have more kids when he quits boxing and will stay home and help raise them. But it won't be until then."

Although Juanita stays out of the spotlight as much as possible (even to the point of denying she is Mrs. Leonard in public places), and Sugar Ray thrives on being the center attraction, it's their differences that make their marriage work. "He goes out of his way to hide a lot of the good things he does for other people," Juanita says. "For example, I've seen him give total strangers as much as \$500 right out of his pocket, because he believed they really needed it. Yet, he would deny it if asked. I don't believe in bragging, but if it gets out, own up to it."

Ray, who has taken a certain amount of criticism from needy Black organizations, says he often hears: "You have forgotten where you came from. You have forgotten your own people." But it doesn't make any difference because I do what, and for whom, as I please, from the heart. I don't want any publicity. I'm sure one reason a lot of Blacks criticize me is because I'm so popular with Whites. If I knew why Whites accepted me as they do, I'd bottle it and sell that on television instead of you know what!"

With another six months to wait before doctors approve his return to the ring, the champ must do a lot of soul-searching before deciding whether to risk more injury. For Juanita, Little Ray and maybe another Leonard in the making, is this a blessing in disguise?

For now, only Ray and the good Lord know.

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(Per Serving) Serving Size 1 ounce, Number of Servings 8	
Calories	150
Protein	2 grams
Carbohydrate	14 grams
Fat	10 grams
Cholesterol*	
(0 mg/100 g) ...	0 milligrams
Sodium	
(925 mg/100 g) 260 milligrams	
Potassium	
(720 mg/100 g) 205 milligrams	
Percentages of U.S. Recommended Daily Allowances (U.S. RDA)	
Protein	2
Vitamin A	2
Vitamin C	10
Thiamine	2
Riboflavin	2
Niacin	4
Calcium	2
Iron	2
Vitamin B ₆	10
Phosphorus	4
Magnesium	4
Copper	6
*Information on cholesterol content is provided for individuals who, on the advice of a physician, are modifying their total dietary intake of cholesterol	
**Contains less than 2% U.S. RDA for this nutrient.	



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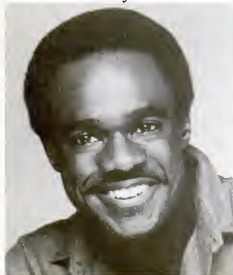
**Stevie Wonder, Musician,
Composer, Singer:**

... She's a Miss Beautiful Supreme, a girl that others wish that they could be. If there's seven wonders of the world, then I know she's gotta be number one. She's a girl that can't be beat, born and raised on ghetto streets; she's a devastating beauty, a pretty girl with ebony eyes. She's the sunflower of nature's seeds, a girl that some men only find in their dreams. When she smiles it seems the stars all know, cause one by one they start to light the sky.

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Glynn Turman, Actor:

... Because as fragile as they are, they are not afraid to get their hands dirty.



BBLACK women are loved for innumerable reasons, many of which are as personal to the lover as they are important to the beloved. It matters not that her skin is a smooth ebony or a golden cream, that her hair is short and kinky or long and flowing, or that her manner of speaking is charmingly Southern or that of a Northern "sophisticate." Some Black men love Black women because of their inherent soulfulness; others love them for their mastery of a lifestyle that skillfully balances domesticity and a career. Black women are loved as mothers and grandmothers, as wives and lovers, as friends and companions.

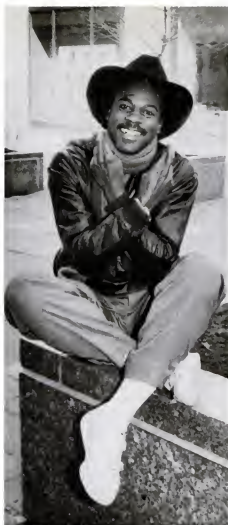
Here, 11 accomplished Black men personally reflect on why they love Black women.

Why I Love



Roy Ayers, Musician and Composer:

... Because I was born of a Black woman and I understand the beauty and warmth of a Black woman's love. Black women have an infinite magnitude of strength, wisdom and will. I love them for the strength that they've been able to maintain while dealing with the disadvantages we Black people suffer in general, especially Black women. They have helped us—Black men—get to the point where we are today; they are our backbone and our strength.



Howard Rollins, Actor:

... Because without them I wouldn't be here, and because they are here, I have a better sense of who I am.



Benjamin Hooks, Executive Director of the NAACP:

... Because they have shared with me the good and bad experiences in our country, and they continue to do so ... because my mother, bless her, was Black, and my sisters, and Frances, my lovely wife of more than 31 years, are Black ... and because Black women are the many shades of the spectrum—like the rainbow, they are beautiful.



Geoffrey Holder, Dancer and Choreographer:

... Because my mother was Black, and she was the first lady I knew.

Black Women

Why I Love Black Women



Richard Lawson, Actor:

... Because there is something unique and exciting in all "colored" women of the world. In this computerized, intellectually sophisticated world, it is so easy to lose that inherent sixth sense...

Regardless of how much of an intellectual journey a colored woman takes, she seems never to lose her connection to the earth—this is especially true of Black women.



B. B. King, Blues Singer:

... Because I know they are the ones who have kept the family together. There are so many reasons I can't count them all, but the main reason is that they are very strong.

Larry Graham, Singer:

... Because my grandmother is Black, my mother is Black, and all the women in my family are Black. When I think about her, my grandmother, and some of the other women in my family, it is obvious to me why I have such a deep love for Black women.



Andrew Young, Mayor, Atlanta:

... Because they are strong in character and determination, but able to be weak in the presence of a man in whom they trust ... because of their capacity to bubble over in passion yet relax in peace and loving happiness ... because they demand the best of a man and, yet, are forgiving of our failures ... because Black women traditionally live for others—for children, for the race, and for her man, whether he deserves it or not.



Ramsey Lewis, Jazz Musician and Composer:

... Because the Black woman historically has been the backbone of the American Black race as we know it

today. The trials and tribulations, the ups and downs, the humiliation that she has experienced without ever giving up hope have all combined to create a modern Black woman who is one of the most beautiful species of the human race. Because of the traditional roles that the Black woman has had for many years, she has emerged as a very sensitive, caring and beautiful person. I can't help but feel that the Biblical phrase, "Ye are the salt of the earth," refers to the American Black woman.

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The number of heads that turn when a Skylark eases on by says it's an uncommonly beautiful car. The EPA estimates offered by the responsive engine hidden under the hood says it's also a common sense economy car.

41 ^{mpg city} 26 ^{mpg hwy}

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending upon speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other G.M. divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.



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THE EBONY ADVISOR

The EBONY Advisor is a question and answer column designed to help readers with their problems. Answers to all questions are thoroughly researched and, if necessary, checked with competent medical doctors, psychologists and others expert in the counseling of families and individuals.

I AM 24 years old and have done nothing with my life. I have started many things but haven't finished anything, mainly because I really didn't know what I wanted to do. I started out in accounting because I like math, but, after working in a few banks, I went no place. I'm thinking of becoming a writer, but I don't really know how to go about it. Also, I am in training for the Christian ministry, but after three years, I no longer have the mind to continue with that. Yet, I do want to be a part of the working Black community, to look back on my life some day and know that I was a help to someone. But first I must help myself. So, Advisor, tell me, where shall I go from here? K. R. D., New York, N.Y.

Before going anywhere or jumping into another career, take time to do what nobody can do for you—make up your mind about what you really want to do with your life. This may take days, weeks or even months since it calls for an honest self-appraisal of your strengths and weaknesses and, perhaps, some professional career counseling. Once you have decided on a realistic career goal for yourself, pursue it—step by step—with everything you've got. While doing this, keep reminding yourself that only you can provide the two main ingredients of success—hard work and perseverance.

I'm in my early 20s and I live at home. I love my folks, but they have their own morals and ideas about the way I should live my life. What I want is to be able to make my own decisions about things that concern me. I've always respected their wishes and I wish they'd give me a little well-deserved space. I've tried talking to them, but it just angers them. What am I going to do? W. G. Shreveport, La.

Move out and establish your own "little well-deserved space." As long as you live under your parents' roof, they have every right to insist that you live by their—not your—standards of morality.

RECENTLY had a baby and the father has been very uncaring toward us. He has never sent me any money and is going to be subpoenaed by the court to pay child support. In a letter he asked me to tell our son that his father is dead. Do I have the right to keep him from seeing his son and should I continue to answer his letters? M. J., Miami, Fla.

Until such time that your son's father assumes—either voluntarily or because of a court order—his share of financial responsibility for his son, you are under no legal obligation to let him see the child. Also, it seems pointless for you to dignify the unconscionable request he made in his letter with a reply. Under no circumstances comply with his request to lie to your son. Once your son is old enough, he is entitled to know the truth about his father, even if the truth hurts.

If you have questions, please send them to THE EBONY Advisor, EBONY Magazine, 820 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60605. Only the initials and cities of those submitting questions will be published. Because of the volume of mail received, we cannot give personal replies.

I AM 13 years old and I have a behavior problem. For example, on my 13th birthday I stabbed my sister out of anger. And after I did it, I wasn't sorry. I had to go to the police station and they put me through all the criminal procedures, and I wasn't scared. Another time, my girlfriend and I stole some keys from a girl in our class and went into her house when no one was home. We took several watches and stuff and brought them to my house and told my mother that we found them. She believed us and helped us sell them. The whole thing was discovered when the girl's parents went to the police. I went through the criminal procedure again—and again I wasn't at all scared.

Now that you know at least some of my problems, do you think that there is anything wrong with me? E. E., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes, plenty. Ask your mother to take you to a psychiatrist—FAST!

I HAVE been dating this guy for four years and am ready to get married. Unfortunately, he is not. I don't want to push him too hard because I might push him away and lose him. What can I do to make him marry me soon? I am tired of waiting. He is 25 and I am 23. J. E., New Orleans, La.

What's the big rush? Relax and give yourself and your boyfriend a chance to become a little older and wiser before tying the knot. Besides, the old saying, "You can lead a horse to the water but you can't make him drink," is especially true when it comes to trying to "make" a man marry although he says he's not ready for marriage. It simply can't (and shouldn't) be done. The best you can do in the meantime is try to convince him, as subtly as possible, that being married to you beats being single and free. Good luck!

I AM a 31-year-old divorcee with a teenage daughter. I have been going with this 21-year-old guy on and off for about three years. I didn't know he was 18 when I met him because he didn't look or act like an 18-year-old. We have grown close over the years we have been seeing each other. Recently, I found out his age by accident. I can't seem to get comfortable with the age difference. He says I shouldn't let that bother me, but it does. I do care for him very much and he says he feels the same about me. I desperately need some advice. P.S., Richmond, Va.

Listen to your friend. If he looks and acts like an older person, so much so in fact that for three years you accepted him as your peer, why let his chronological age stand between you now? He's still the same man you say you have grown to care for very much. Since he seems unusually mature for his age, consider his youth an asset, not a liability.

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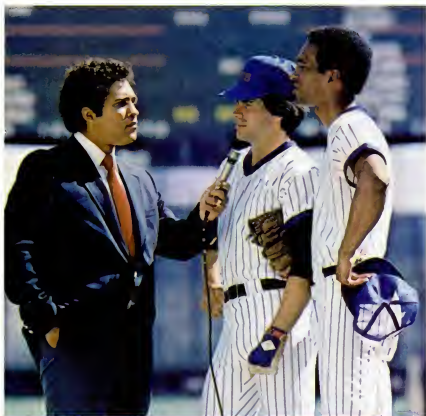


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McClymonds High: Goodwill Ambassadors To Africa

IT was a "friendship bridge" that stretched many thousands of miles from Oakland, Cal. to Dakar, Senegal, in West Africa, and the 12 young basketball players from Oakland's McClymonds High School who crossed it will never forget the journey.

François Bob, Senegal's minister of youth and sports, visited McClymonds last year and was so impressed by the championship Warriors team that he invited Coach Al Claiborne and the young men to come to Senegal as guests of the government. Senegal is not a wealthy country, so the team would have to pay its own way there. That set off a scramble to raise the necessary funds—an estimated \$30,000. Everybody—students, teachers, parents, community leaders—pitched in.

EBONY • July, 1982



After arrival in Dakar, Senegal, members of the basketball team from McClymonds High School in Oakland, Cal., participate (top photo) in opening ceremony of a sports tournament at the College St. Michel. Artis Jones holds the American flag. Above, McClymonds tangles with the National Junior Team of Senegal, winning four of seven games played during their visit to the West African country where basketball is the national pastime.

Continued on Next Page

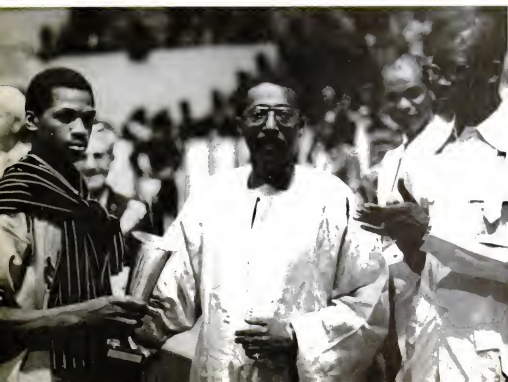


McClymonds students in formal wear follow a Senegalese hostess past VIP reviewing stand at Olympiad ceremony. Below, majorettes from Dakar's Lycee John Kennedy (a girls high school) perform during half-time at a basketball game. In bottom photo, tournament's runner-up trophy is presented to Theodore Oliver of McClymonds by Moustapha Camara, Senegal's director of sports.

GOODWILL AMBASSADORS *Continued*

There were the usual candy sales and car washes. There was support from important people such as Mayor Lionel Wilson, who proclaimed last October as "McClymonds In Africa Month" and urged support of the project. A local jurist, Judge James S. White, personally raised about \$5,000. Then came the word that Edward J. Daley, president and chairman of World Airlines, would pick up the tab for the Oakland-New York-Oakland leg of the 12,000-mile trip. So when the students' plane touched down in Dakar at dawn on March 26, it meant that the "friendship bridge" had been spanned—and that a lot of dreams had come true.

For two weeks, the McClymonds students and five adults (Coach Claiborne, Asst. Coach Sheridan



James, McClymonds alumnus William Belford, Judy Freeman, who represented U.S. Rep. Ron Dellums, and David Klugman, who served as interpreter) were whisked from one activity to another. They were guests at evenings of traditional singing, dancing, wrestling and dining. The Government of Senegal arranged numerous activities, young Senegalese invited the visitors into their homes, there was a theatrical production and visits to museums and artisan villages, and some of the youngsters even learned to speak a few words of French and Wolof, the dominant languages of Senegal. Then there were receptions hosted by the U.S. ambassador to Senegal and The Gambia, and side trips to several villages and towns. "There were many highlights of the trip," says Coach Claiborne, "but I'm

Continued on Page 50



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American and Senegalese students dance (left) at outdoor festival. Below, left, during visit to Alex Haley's ancestral village in The Gambia, McClymonds Coach Al Claiborne presents Haley's portrait to villagers as Asst. Coach Sheridan James and others stand by. Below, right, students view ritual bathing fountain in courtyard of Dakar's Grand Mosque. Bottom, back in Oakland after their 12,000-mile trip are (l. to r.) Isiah Spearman, James Hardesty, Kenny Winters, Darryle James, Michael Magee, Robert McCrady, Theodore Oliver, Walter Nathaniel and Travis Givens.



GOODWILL AMBASSADORS *Continued*

sure the kids will never forget their visits to Gorée Island, where millions of slaves were interned before being shipped across the ocean, and to Alex Haley's ancestral village of Juffure in The Gambia. Both places made a real impression on all of us."

Somehow, the McClymonds Warriors even managed to play a little basketball while in Africa, winning four of seven games. "We tried to play down the basketball aspect of the trip," says Coach Claiborne. "We wanted the young people to establish friendships with their African brothers and sisters and gain a real appreciation for their heritage, and all you have to do is talk to some of them to see that they were able to do just that."



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TUSKEGEE:

After wresting political power, Black leadership now faces tough task of economic development

BY CHRIS BENSON

NO doubt about it. This is the year for Tuskegee," predicts Johnny Ford, expressing the kind of hope and pride so common in historic Tuskegee, Ala.—the city where Ford is going into his tenth year as the first-ever Black mayor. Listening to him helps an outsider understand just what it is that makes Tuskegeens so proud. Everything. The culture, the warmth, the "Good Morning" personality of the place. The azaleas, dogwoods, magnolias in full spring bloom. The dripping sweet sugar cane sold on the town square later in the year. The native-son singing Commodores who still live in Tuskegee. People are right proud of them, too.

There is the history, the international contributions of Tuskegee Institute, the legacy of Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver and the sort of "up from slavery" rise of Black Tuskegeens to political power. The progress brought on by ten years of that political power is another great source of pride.

There have been challenges to local Black politicians—relative newcomers to the arena who still are learning the game. And whether this really is the year for the 94 percent Black city will depend in large part on the kind of progress made toward meeting a most serious challenge—economic development. There are differing views on just how to go about meeting that one and on how successful the effort will prove to be.

Right now Tuskegeens want to show off a bit. That's at least part of the reason, as the mayor says, this could be a good year for the city of 12,716. There are big plans under way to attract some of the profitable Alabama tourism trade. Already, Tuskegee Institute has been designated as a



In Tuskegee, Ala., a memorial to the Confederacy still stands (above) in the town square of a city now predominantly Black and under the leadership of a Black mayor. Johnny Ford, shown (right) with his wife Frances and two of their three children, Christopher and Tiffany. They also have a son, John-John. The Fords were married in 1970, two years before Ford's election as mayor of historic Tuskegee. Their interracial marriage caused "some critical stares" at first, Mrs. Ford says.



City of History and Hope

National Historic Site. Renovation has been completed on Booker T. Washington's home, the Carver Museum and Grey Columns, the antebellum mansion built by slave labor in 1857 which served as the model for the mythical Tara in the movie *Gone With The Wind*. Other historic sites soon will be dusted off as well.

The tourism campaign is the result of a comprehensive plan. In Tuskegee, there seems to be a comprehensive plan for just about everything. Ten years ago, there was another federally funded, neighborhood-by-neighborhood plan to develop the entire city. Things have been going according to plan ever since. It's not the gleaming glass and steel type of development you might expect to see in larger cities. "A lot of the things we've gotten have gone in the ground, so people don't see them," explains Mayor Ford, a man with such a passion for developing his city that he keeps a handful of shovels in a corner of his office—always ready to break new ground. Millions of dollars have been pumped into sewage treatment, water filtration and electric power. Streets have been paved and sidewalks, lighting and drainage have been provided for deprived areas—the kinds of improvements that seem unimpressive only to people who have never had to do without them. There also have been social improvements. There has been a dramatic increase in public housing units—from 100 in 1972 to 600 today. There has been an increase in senior citizens housing, including the impressive Sojourner Truth Apartments, providing seniors with a healthy and affordable way of life. Tuskegee also has plugged into innovative federal programs. It is the only Alabama city participating in the Turn-Key-Three Housing program, which provides poor families the opportunity to buy newly constructed housing for only \$200 down. The city also helped to get \$300,000 in funding for a new county public health facility—formerly housed in a condemned building. In all, some \$50 million in federal money has come into town over the past ten years, in many cases matched by local funds. Another source of pride is the city's current "Triple A" bond rating—up several notches from the former revenue-draining "B".



Tuskegee Institute has always been closely identified with the City of Tuskegee. It is a major employer and educational-cultural center in the area. Above, a memorial to the Institute's founder, Booker T. Washington, stands on the campus. At left, the George Washington Carver Museum (named for one of the Institute's most distinguished professors and scientists) is one of several National Historic Sites in the city.



Among top leaders working for progress in Tuskegee and Macon County are (from left) Dr. Benjamin F. Payton, president of Tuskegee Institute (with some 3,500 students and 325 teachers; Dr. Reginald Green, Macon County superintendent of public schools (about 5,000 students), and Macon County District Judge Aubrey Ford Jr., who says he tries to "bring some sensitivity to the bench" while balancing "prisoners' rights and the rights of this community."

TUSKEGEE Continued

Much of the progress locally has been due to the fact that Blacks, after generations of denial and exclusion, have strengthened their grip on political power in Tuskegee and surrounding Macon County, which is 84 percent Black. Blacks now hold four of the five City Council seats, and all of the five county commissioners are Black. The state representative is Black. The school board members, the district judge, court clerk and county sheriff are Black. These officials have influenced appointments and hiring practices. There also is an aggressive affirmative action plan requiring 25 percent minority contracting. As a result, the city has helped build and strengthen a number of local Black businesses, and has taken the lead in assuring Black participation in the few national firms which have moved into town. The Holiday Inn is Black-owned. The new Burger King and Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises have Black managers.

If these are sources of pride in the community, it is because, in a way, they reflect the Tuskegee tradition of making it against all odds; they are signs of achievement for a Black majority population which has had to suffer years of racist oppression and systematic exclusion. There was a time, some folks recall, when, on payday, the state troopers would set up roadblocks and stop every Black driver. Charges often were fabricated. Minor violations brought major penalties. Many people lost money. Some even lost their land. "This was a horrible place to live. A Black man had no rights in Macon County in those days," recalls County Commissioner Otis Pinkard, 60, whose continued

protest became such a source of agitation to local authorities that he is willing to "bet I've had more .38s, .45s and .357 Magnums pointed at my head than any man in America."

As bad as the harassment Blacks suffered was their total exclusion from just about everything in town. Barbed wire stretched around the city park as a sort of "Whites Only" sign. Alligators were even used once to keep Black swimmers out of Lake Tuskegee. The alligators didn't last very long. It's said that some teen-agers killed them with axes. Other barriers were more formidable, thus making the local civil rights movement even more determined. On the front lines for years was the Tuskegee Civic Assn. and Dr. C. G. Gomillion, head of sociology at the Institute. When Dr. Gomillion and other Tuskegee Institute faculty members persisted in trying to register to vote and encouraging other Blacks in town to do so, the White establishment responded with characteristic style. Lawmakers gerrymandered the Institute and just about every Black Tuskegeean right off the city map, turning a perfectly square city into what civil rights attorney Fred Gray called in his U.S. Supreme Court arguments a "28-sided sea dragon." *Gomillion v. Lightfoote* (Phil M. Lightfoote was the White mayor at the time) was settled in the Supreme Court in 1960. "The city limits, the boundaries were reestablished and we then had the beginning of Blacks elected to the City Council," notes Atty. Gray, a native of nearby Montgomery, where he handled much of the early legal work for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. *Gomillion v. Lightfoote* had pro-



Meeting in the law offices of Atty. Fred Gray (2nd from r.), Macon County Commissioners discuss the selection of a new chairman. At table are (l. to r.) Commissioner Lee Ivory, Commissioner Robert Knight, Commissioner Otis Pinkard, Atty. Gray, commission counsel, and Commissioner L. M. Randolph.

Continued on Page 56



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Chief Luther Curry, who heads the Tuskegee Fire Department, stands beside the city's new \$75,000 fire truck which is a source of pride for the 23-man department.



Law enforcement in Tuskegee and Macon County is under Sheriff Lucius Amerson, whose election 16 years ago marked the first real challenge to White dominance of the area, and Tuskegee Police Chief Joseph B. Walker, below, checking a report with Sgt. Gwethalyn Segova.



TUSKEGEE *Continued*

found national impact on the civil rights struggle, laying the groundwork for the one-man one-vote concept that led to the signing of the 1965 Voting Rights Act.

THROUGHOUT the long, difficult forward move of Blacks in Tuskegee, the Institute has provided much of the intellectual and physical resources for the struggle, including the bulk of the community's Black middle class establishment. Founded in 1881 by Booker T. Washington to train "colored teachers," Tuskegee Institute has made substantial contributions to Blacks throughout the country. For example, following World War I, Dr. Robert Moton, president of the Institute at that time, appealed to the federal government and donated Institute land for the establishment of a Veteran's Administration Hospital to care for Black veterans who could not find treatment anywhere in the segregated South. Today, with an annual budget of \$35 million and nearly 900 beds, the fully integrated facility ranks among the largest VA hospitals in the nation. With its nearly 1,500-person payroll, it is the largest employer in the area.

The Institute also provided Moton Field as training grounds for Black pilots in World War II. The late Air Force Gen. Daniel (Chappie) James, a Tuskegee Institute graduate and the only Black to reach four-star rank, made his practice landings there. The John A. Andrews Community Hospital also is part of the Tuskegee Institute tradition of public service. It began as the only hospital for miles around where Blacks could find medical care. Today it serves the entire community. The first farm extension programs came out of Tuskegee Institute when Dr. George Washington Carver put aside his laboratory research on vegetable crops and took a wagon into the fields to teach farmers about crop rotation and fertilizer and a host of cost-cutting and crop-producing techniques. The Carver legacy continues today through the Carver Research Foundation, which coordinates all research on campus, ranging from biochemical research in genetics to environmental stress on crops.

The sprawling Institute campus, with 3,500 students, also boasts the oldest Black nursing school in the country, an impressive school of veterinary medicine, which has trained 90 percent of all current Black veterinarians and a school of engineering which turns out 25 percent of the nation's Black engineers. The newly installed president, Dr. Benjamin F. Payton, wants to develop even more programs, including a school of agribusiness and public affairs, and, for new technology, the Gen. Daniel (Chappie) James Center for Aerospace Science. The Institute also will continue to be a force in helping to meet local challenges under the leadership of Dr. Payton, a former program officer at the Ford Foundation. "We are in this ball game together," he says. "We simply cannot develop as a whole-some people in this society unless we can find new ways for all our institutions to work together."

There are serious local challenges to be addressed. So far as per capita income is concerned, the latest available data show Macon County ranked 2,933 of the 3,100 counties surveyed in 1977. Not a lot has changed since then. The county started off this year with a 12 percent unemployment rate, topping the national rate of 8.5 percent at that time. It wasn't so bad, however, when compared with the rest of Alabama which averaged nearly 15 percent for the month of January. Among the employed, there are equal numbers of professionals and service workers in the



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Blacks now control virtually all political power in Tuskegee, a city dominated by Whites for many years. At a meeting (left) of the City Council are (l. to r.) Councilmen Louis Maxwell, William Peterson, R. L. Ivey Jr. and Frank Bentley. The Council's only White member, L. M. Gregg, was absent.



Noted Tuskegee professionals include (left to right) Dr. David A. Tull, director of the Veteran's Administration Hospital in the city; Richard Harvey, managing officer of Tuskegee Federal Savings and Loan, founded in 1894 by professors at Tuskegee Institute, and J. J. Johnson, first Black publisher of the 100-year-old Tuskegee News.



Economic progress in Tuskegee can be seen in part by success of persons such as Linda Marable (above), owner of the city's Holiday Inn. At right is Major Holland, an architect who has handled most of the city's new building design projects.



TUSKEGEE *Continued*

county, with about 19 percent of the labor force falling in either category.

There just aren't enough jobs provided by the 182 Tuskegee businesses which in 1981 did a total of around \$25 million worth of business, according to the Alabama Dept. of Revenue. Estimates show Blacks owning roughly 70 percent of local businesses, but the major retailers and the only two banks in town are White-owned. The Tuskegee Federal Savings and Loan, founded by professors from the Institute in 1894, is Black-owned.

Not surprisingly, and not unlike many areas in the state, there is an intense and continuing drive to attract labor-intensive industry to Tuskegee. Tuskegee boosters readily point to the local assets which include a ready labor force, the stable institutions, research facilities of the Institute, the location (right off I-85, within 45 minutes of Montgomery and a two-hour drive to Atlanta), the rail access and vast timber resources. There also is a new industrial park ready to be occupied. "And besides, we want industry so bad we're willing to offer so much," notes Robert L. Davis, 27, vice president of the Alabama Exchange Bank and president of the local Chamber of Commerce. For the most part, Tuskegee's eagerness has been met with disappointment. The most recent has been the failure of Wallace and Wallace Oil Co. to proceed with a \$500 million refinery which was expected to generate thousands of jobs and a boon in spin-off businesses for Tuskegee. Complex legal problems have all but halted progress for several years. While Mayor Ford is still optimistic, there is a growing feeling in Tuskegee that, except for a proposed poultry plant which may

create 300 jobs at the industrial park, several problems stand in the way of pulling major industry to the city. While the chief concerns of law enforcement and the quality of education have been getting needed attention recently, some say the major problem is that large companies are looking more at the complexion of the community than at real benefits which exist. As a result, some people are beginning to call for local solutions. "If we are going to get industry in this county, in this city, Blacks here are going to have to take the leading role in doing it—in owning and operating the industry," insists Atty. Fred Gray. There has been some movement in that direction. The county community action agency has been able to spark some local investment. Through its economic development corporation subsidiary, it now operates a restaurant and a gasoline station. "We're not here just to get people food stamps or just to winterize their homes," notes Peter Balogun, the Nigerian-born director of the agency.

Meanwhile, \$20 million in current federal projects will help to lay the foundation for whatever economic development is in store. A pragmatist, Mayor Ford doesn't waste time debating whether Reaganomics is a blessing or a curse. "Look, I've been in this business long enough to be able to roll with the punches," he says. "We'll play Reaganomics for what it's worth and get as much out of it as possible. We go where the resources are."



Sketch of planned new facility at the Carver Research Foundation at Tuskegee Institute is shown by Dr. Margaret Tolbert, director of the Foundation. "We are continuing the Carver legacy," she says.

City officials of Tuskegee and Banjul (capital of The Gambia) meet to discuss their "sister cities" relationship. At center are Mayor Conteh of Banjul and Mayor Ford of Tuskegee. Mayor Ford urges all U.S. Black mayors to develop contacts with city officials in Africa.



Increased cultural activities may result from new programs under Diane Robinson, Tuskegee's director of cultural affairs. Above, she teaches youngsters at the Tuskegee Dance Theatre. Much of the city's cultural life is centered at Tuskegee Inst. where Dr. Velma Blackwell (left) is vice president for development.

LaNel Doré (left), of American Airlines, is a Los Angeles artist. She describes her work as "sur-realistic impressionism," and will hold her first one-woman show this summer in L.A.



Rev. Sherry Austin (below and opposite), an in-flight supervisor for Delta Airlines, was ordained into the ministry two years ago. She is affiliated with two interdenominational churches in Atlanta.



Gloria Rankins is a Chicago fashion designer and an Eastern Airlines flight attendant. She designs clothes for all occasions, and says wedding gowns are her favorites. She adds that some of her best customers are flight attendants.



Flight Attendants:

CASHING IN

Their on-the-ground moonlighting

WHEN flight attendants are asked what they like most about their jobs, they often mention three things: the chance to travel, the opportunity to meet and work with interesting people, and lots of time off.

Unlike most people who spend five days a week earning a living, flight attendants work about three days a week. As a result, they're free to engage in a variety of activities and still have time to spare. Some use the extra time to further their educations, and others devote their leisure hours to sports, hobbies or community affairs. There are also those who choose to make their time off just as profitable as their time in the air by taking on second jobs.



Carolyn Shelton, of Chicago, conducts self-improvement courses around the country. The Continental Airlines flight attendant calls her program "To the Best of You," and it features tips on grooming, etiquette and work relations.



ON TIME OFF

ranges from modeling to ministry

On the following pages are 14 flight attendants who have other careers, including fashion design, modeling, radio and television broadcasting, photography, the ministry, art, self-improvement instruction, nursing and real estate. All of the attendants are extremely pleased with their two jobs, and in some instances, they find that the jobs complement each other. Los Angeles artist Lanell Doré, for example, says that in addition to providing her with extra income, her travels with American Airlines give her a lot of ideas for her paintings. "It also gives me a chance to interact with people," she says. "And as an artist who works alone in a studio, that's something I really need."



Bernadette Sylvester, of Delta Airlines, is a fashion designer in New Orleans. Her mother and grandmother were accomplished sewers, and she began sewing at age six. She attended Bauder Fashion College in Atlanta. She buys many of the fabrics for her designs during her travels.



Cindy Baugh, of Eastern Airlines, models for several high-fashion stores in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Married to an Eastern pilot, she and her husband have a three-year-old daughter.



Deborah Wyatt, a free-lance model in Miami, has flown for Pan American Airlines for five years. In addition to juggling two careers, she studies economics and business law at Florida International University.



Terri Jones is a licensed vocational nurse at a Dallas convalescent home. A divorcee with a six-year-old daughter, the American Airlines flight attendant flies the Dallas-Honolulu route.



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Melvin Pegese is a free-lance photographer in Philadelphia and a United Airlines flight attendant. Pegese flies out of New York City and he lives in Philadelphia. Much of his work includes photographing children and other flight attendants.



Grace Hightower, a TWA flight attendant in New York, has flying to thank for her modeling career. Two years ago, on a flight from Las Vegas to New York, she caught the eye of two VIP's of the Saks Fifth Avenue publicity department. She's been modeling for the store ever since.



Joyce Columbus, an American Airlines flight attendant, is employed with a real estate firm in Carrollton, Texas (near Dallas). She has sold real estate for three years, and she was recently named one of the top ten realtors in her area by a Dallas home building company.





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Ronald Copeland, of Eastern Airlines, is a staff assistant with the ABC News program *Nightline* in Washington, D.C. Copeland flies out of New York City and commutes from D.C. Before he became a flight attendant, he was a ticket agent.



Myra Ming, of United Airlines, is a free-lance sports reporter in Sacramento. Her other interests include auto racing, hang gliding and weightlifting.

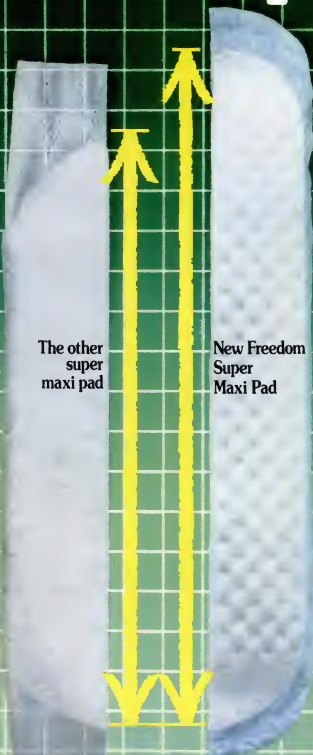


Olett Hervey is a free-lance radio reporter in Atlanta. Ms. Hervey has flown for Republic Airlines ten years, and she previously worked as modeling instructor.



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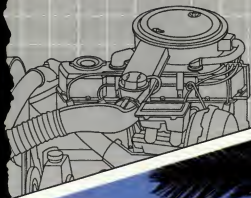
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Chevrolet



CONFESSIONS OF



A 'TOKEN BLACK'

By Roger Wilkins

Roger Wilkins was assistant attorney general of the United States. Wilkins was also a Ford Foundation executive and a member of the editorial boards of the Washington Post and the New York Times. He was a "token Black" in the sense that he was one of the handful of Blacks to serve in the top echelons of these institutions.

"I sailed as far out into the white world as a black man of my generation could sail.... But in my explorings, I caught some diseases.... And I found out that I surely didn't want to live 'out there.'"

I WAS not a good time for me all around. I was living in a hotel during the week and commuting to Washington to see Eve and the children on weekends. The absences weren't doing our marriage any good. Our conversations became rarer and leaner. Mary was still in Washington and still in my life, and though our relationship was no longer pure, unalloyed bliss, there was still life in it.

The marriage got worse and worse. Neither my job nor the circumstances of my personal life were doing much to ease a deepening depression. Finally, I told Eve that I thought we ought to separate, that I needed to leave. She thought I was mad. Perhaps I was. She was hurt and enraged. I left.

Excerpted from *A Man's Life*, An Autobiography by Roger Wilkins ©1982 by R. Wilkins. Reproduced by permission of Simon & Schuster.

My relations with Mary did not thrive in the freedom we got from my separation from Eve. The age difference, a difference in temperament, and the claustrophobia that a person who grew up near the desert around Tucson felt in the East took its toll. None of the problems that Mary and I developed over our time together ever seemed to me to be based on race. We had been involved in the civil-rights struggle together for so long and had discussed the issues so much that Mary usually seemed to me lacking in racial identity. It was clear that on many issues—the relative lack of distinction in the white population, the extent to which blacks ought to separate from the white community, and the length that I should wear my hair—Mary was more radical than I, perhaps to compensate for not being black in a decade when one's color seemed to take on moral value.

But in December 1969, months after the flames that Mary and I had enjoyed had died, the conflicts that might have lurked in that relationship became concrete in a different and more threatening form. A delicate dark-haired woman with fine features and a striking figure came to interview me for a book that she was doing on Robert F. Kennedy. When she called me to make the appointment, she identified herself as the former wife of William Vanden Heuvel, a familiar New York political aspirant and a fairly close associate of Robert Kennedy's. I had never heard of Mrs. Vanden Heuvel, but the breathy rush and jumble of her words on the telephone was appealing.

Mrs. Vanden Heuvel turned out to be even more appealing in person than she had been on the telephone. She kept on getting tangled up in the wires of her tape recorder as she tried to find the outlet behind the couch in my office. The tentativeness of her approach produced an impression of the woman's vulnerability that I was later to learn was something less than the whole story.

But it was partly true and enormously effective for an interviewer. To help this woman out, I found myself remembering things that I thought I had long forgotten. Each time I would come up with a new nugget of information to her half-formulated question, she would give me a smile suffused with shy gratitude. When the interview was over and she was stumbling over her mike and her cords, she

thanked me profusely, and several days later, I received a warm and effusive note of thanks for giving so much of my time to her project and expressing the hope that I would review the transcript in order to make sure it was correct.

I was anxious to see that woman again, and so, in January 1970, when the transcript had come back, I went over to her Central Park West apartment early one evening to go over the material and have a drink.

It was clear from her apartment that Jean was not poor. It was a large place overlooking Central Park; it featured a large sitting room, draped largely in blue, highlighted by a red velvet banquette at the fireplace and a deep easy chair covered in the same material. The art ranged from a fanciful Man Ray disk on one wall, to a Jules Feiffer strip autographed "to Jean," to a line self-portrait in profile by William Faulkner. I figured the money had come from her husband since Bill's name had been prominent in New York politics for as long as I could remember.

Jean started to introduce me to her impressive circle of friends. There was Gillian, large, galloping, loving and warm, who lived in the building next door to Jean and who was a sometimes awkward, large-boned beauty, cerebral and brooding. Gillian was Jean's best friend and though her father had been curator of the National Gallery, Gillian was just Gillian from next door, easy to be with. And then there were Jason and Barbara Epstein, stars of the literary world, he at Random House and she at *The New York Review of Books*. My relationship with Jean often landed me at the Epstein's with Stephen Spender or Lillian Hellman or, at the least, Bob Bernstein, the lovely man who heads Random House.

There was a strain in all of this. I had known when I left the government, that I had to forge a new identity, or at least to consolidate the old one, which in large measure had been based on a charter from a President who was no longer in office and at a time that no longer existed. Now I was getting a new identity from association with some of the most glittering people in America. But, there were problems about that—profound ones.

The other problem with my daily life as it was evolving then was that the Ford Foundation was the only place where I had any daily connection with blackness—thinly strained and awkward as the connection often was. The places where I had drifted and where I was building an identity outside working hours were all white. And there was not much occasion for the exercise of robust blackness inside the Ford Foundation. Minor victories had to provide sustenance over long arid spells.

But other romantic and deep American impulses were taking me away from America's black ghettos. Instead, I was spending many of my evenings on Central Park West or joining Jean's friends in the newest cultural trend or artistic fad.

My night world was virtually lily-white and far more distant than the actual 3,000 miles that separated Central Park West from Watts. Jean's sensitivity, warmth and perceptive intelligence were enough to keep me involved in our relationship, but she had also given me the keys to the candy store. Instead of standing with my nose pressed to the window, I often found myself inside rooms with people whose names were Mailer, Vidal, Javits, Kennedy or Bernstein.

Those who were Jean's friends seemed as devoid of racism as any group of whites I had ever encountered. Whatever problems people had about Jean and me, they kept to themselves. Once, in Roxbury, Connecticut, at



At his swearing-in as director of the Community Relations Service, Wilkins, then 33, introduced daughter Amy to President Johnson. His uncle, the late Roy Wilkins, then executive director of the NAACP, attended White House ceremony.

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CONFESSIONS OF A "TOKEN BLACK" *Continued*

Arthur and Inge Miller's home, at a party celebrating Arthur's birthday, a grand dame of a Russian *émigrée* took me to be the bartender. Everybody thought that it was pretty funny and I didn't mind.

Normally, there was simply easy acceptance of me, as if I had earned my way into those drawing rooms just as everyone else had. Yet, because my work was not individualistic, creative or as celebrated as that of most of the people I saw around me, I didn't believe I belonged.

Felicia Bernstein, Leonard's delicate, intelligent and beautiful wife, was one of my favorites in Jean's circle. She was Chilean and had been an actress before she married Leonard. I always thought she should have been a queen.

Felicia knew about my insecurities and once, when she heard me say I had been the first black to do this or that, she stopped me.

"You know, Roger," she said, "you sound like you're keeping score. This isn't a game. It's life, so stop keeping score and go and live it."

The company of Miller, Bernstein *et alii* was heady stuff; I loved it, but it tore me apart. I was enjoying a kind of life that was far beyond the actual or even the imaginative grasp of the poor blacks to whom the serious efforts of my life were supposed to be committed. This was the life where people escaped even the mundane problems that ordinary white people had. It was as if, by entering that world at night, I was betraying everything I told myself I stood for during the day.

SOMEWHERE in the distant sky, I could hear my grandmother rumbling, "You are a bad boy, Roger."

I believed her and I couldn't even contemplate what my father would have thought about his mess of a son. I was almost thirty-nine years old.

I lived with terrible guilt that was mainly about the children, but not entirely; it was about Eve too. No one who knows Eve Tyler Wilkins could ever, by any stretch of the imagination, call her a bad woman. On the contrary, she is a very good woman and a fine mother. We almost never had screaming fights. She did not waste my money, drink, or go with other men. We were just constitutionally different in profound ways. Eve was cautious and wanted security, and sometimes it seemed to me that I fled from security when it beckoned. Eve wanted a quiet life, and I kept on going out looking for high adventure—I thrived on it and got bored in between adventures.

But, when I was away from her, I would gradually forget those moods and times and remember how comfortable we sometimes could make each other. After all, by that time we had been friends for twenty years and had been married for fourteen. I would almost forget why I had left. The world's view was simple—Roger left Eve to be with a rich and glamorous white woman. I knew that that wasn't entirely true, but in my despair and extraordinary need for self-laceration, I would begin to believe what the world had to say.

Bad boy or not, there was one last thing for me to do in my capacity as a foundation executive. It was to make explicit my professional reasons for leaving the Ford Foundation. My battles with Mike [Sviridoff] were simply metaphors for what was wrong with the place. Granted, Mac [Bundy] had opened the windows to a lot of fresh air since the days when his predecessor summarily threw representatives of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund out of his office because he didn't think that kind of activity was



Author's father, Earl Wilkins (r.), is pictured with his brother, NAACP executive Roy Wilkins. Before his early death, the father, a journalist, told his son: "Great things are expected of you."

appropriate for Ford Foundation funding. But the place was still run by successful, middle-aged white males. The assumption about their omniscience was overpowering, and there were not enough kinds of people in the Foundation—young, non-white, female—with any power to challenge the status quo. It was terribly lonely there.

I dictated a short memorandum setting forth my views about the Foundation and showed it to Mac and asked him if I could read it to the trustees at their December meeting. The memorandum, particularly its charge of racism, distressed Mac profoundly, but he agreed to arrange for me to read it to the trustees. I learned much later that he had done so over quite strong objections of some of the trustees, who thought that employee views of the foundation, even those views that led an employee who had been highly valued to leave, were not of sufficient weight to take up their time. Mac prevailed, and I entered the board room and read to the men assembled there, Henry Ford II, Edwin Land, Judge Charles Wyzanski, Bethuel Webster, Robert S. MacNamara and Kermit Gordon among them.

IT WAS terrifying, cutting myself off from the Foundation. My umbilical cord to the world had been cut. No longer did each day bring a flood of bureaucratic papers or grant proposals across my desk for signature or review. No longer did each day bring a clamor of people struggling to get a fragment of my time, a share of my attention. Each day brought nothing. I was alone.

I had shed all that had puffed up my importance in order to go back to something more basic. And I did get to something more basic—myself confronting myself, alone, without props. I was a man of no value, I thought, who had ruined his life, abandoned his children, shredded his career and made himself a laughingstock for those who didn't take him seriously enough to despise him.

I thought about suicide. I could walk in parks and not hear children. I would read as much of the newspaper as I could, and all I could see were calamities. I could see old friends and know from their looks—a kind of veiled, wary watching—that they were worried and sad, some of them, because their friend had gone off the active list. It was easier to see strangers.

The Washington Post began to look better and better as an alternative. Soon after getting back from [a trip], I reopened conversations with the Post. To my delight, Phil Geyelin seemed as pleased to hear from me as I was eager

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As assistant attorney general, Wilkins attended 1968 press conference on the King assassination with Attorney General Ramsey Clark and Justice Department aide Clifford Alexander (center).

CONFESSIONS OF A 'TOKEN BLACK' *Continued* to talk to him.

I was excited. I was going into the kind of work my father had done. I would sit at a machine and work there. At the end of a day something would exist that I had made. It wouldn't have existed but for me. There would be a tangible product that I could take in my hand in the late afternoon and judge.

By this time, I was having major problems with my relationship with Jean. I kept telling her that I couldn't handle the conflicts that our being together stirred in me; that it seemed to me that it diminished my ability to reconstruct a coherent sense of myself. Jean generally dealt with my misgivings lightly and with good humor, as she did with the rest of my expressions of doubts in those days. Her attitude seemed to be that it was simply a phase I was going through, and that it should be treated with patience, good humor and large dollops of encouragement.

One evening that spring I visited a friend who was dying of cancer and then met with Eve about a problem with one of the children and then headed off to see a woman. But I cracked up the car and destroyed my left elbow on the way. Some splendid doctors in George Washington University Hospital reconstructed the elbow as best they could and saved my hand from paralysis. The four-week stay in the hospital did me a lot of good. I got to watch all of Sam Ervin's Watergate Hearings, for instance, and the rest slowed me down. People at the Post and the institution itself were very good to me during that time, but the accident did nothing to detract from my growing reputation inside the Post building as an unstable fellow. My friend died while my arm was healing.

A few months later, I learned that the brilliant and beautiful Sheila Okpaku had been separated from her husband, Joe, for some months. So, I contacted her and began seeing her. Since she was firmly rooted in New York and I was finding Watergate totally oppressive, both inside the Post and in the Capital generally, I decided it was time to give up the Post and to leave Washington.

SOMETIMES in the three and a half years that I wrote editorials for the New York Times, my friend Kenneth Clark called me the most turbulent man he knew. Whatever truth there may have been in that, my personal life was surely turbulent. My relationship with Sheila wasn't working out. She was learning to be a law professor at Hofstra University on Long Island while I was

learning to be a "Times man" (as Time magazine would say). She would come home with her racial horror stories from the Hempstead campus and I would come home with mine from 43rd Street. We would exchange our stories and console each other. Every night it was as if we were standing in the kitchen ankle deep in our own blood.

Sheila and I were very much alike in a number of respects. We had both grown up in a largely white world, each of us had been racial pioneers of a sort, and at the time we were together, each of us was pushing ever deeper into the white world. Neither of us had completed our search for a comfortable racial or occupational identity and all of our pressures were too much for our relationship. We were together for about a year and a half and then we went our separate ways. She is a wonderful woman and we are still very good friends.

The breakup with Sheila was a turning point of sorts. Eve, who knows me as well as anybody, once described me as a "romantic puritan." That's true enough, I think, and I had always believed that in this life, I would find "one true love." I knew she had to be strong and accomplished and somebody who could command my respect and not be overwhelmed by me. Though I had known some white women well and had loved Jean, I hoped that the woman would be black. It would be better for my psyche, I knew. Sheila had been my best hope, and it hadn't worked.

Mary came to New York in late March 1977 to help me celebrate my 45th birthday. We had dinner at a wonderful little Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village with Charlotte Curtis, editor of the Times Op-Ed page, David Schneiderman, her deputy, and David's girl friend, Peggy Rosenthal.

Mary and I had a good time at that dinner and at lunch with Ramsey and Georgia Clark the next day. She decided to extend her visit, and we decided that we wanted to try living together one more time. Mary said that she didn't want to take the risk of closing up her business and moving to New York with no guarantees. She wanted to get married. Since my divorce from Eve had come through in January, I said okay. We decided that neither her parents nor my children were ready for this marriage, so we kept it a secret.

On a beautiful Sunday early in April, we were married by Dave Dinkins, a black friend who is City Clerk in New York, at Pam and Tom Wicker's townhouse on East 80th Street.

Mary went back to New Mexico, closed her business and got back to New York in early May. In November she was packed up and heading back to Tucson, where she was raised. The oppressive East and my high-powered life were too much for her. In addition, she was a Western woman, used to horses and the desert; the fumes and canyons of New York oppressed her. She felt she was losing her identity, and my preoccupation with my career at the Times didn't help any. We were divorced in January. We had lived together without benefit of clergy and had ended our fantasy.

Despite my decision to stay out of the racial politics at the Times when I first went to the place, there was a tiny cloud on the horizon that I could barely see when I settled into my seat on the editorial board. A suit had been brought under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 against the Times on behalf of all its minority employees, by people who worked in the commercial departments of the paper.

After some hesitation, I got into it with fervor. Apart from the encouragement that I gave to others, my most

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significant participation in the case was the day-long pre-trial testimony I gave to the Times lawyers about what I saw as the paper's deficiencies in its coverage of minority issues and its handling of black talent. As the most favored black on the paper—though at times the “favoring” was rough—I hoped that my frank testimony would serve as a pre-emptive strike that would induce the paper to enter into a reasonable settlement, that would include a good affirmative-action agreement, without a trial that would injure a lot of decent minority journalists. Though I testified only to what I saw and what I believe, I knew life at the Times would be difficult for me after that. I showed the transcript of the testimony to Mac Bundy, and he agreed with me that the time for me to move on would come soon.

“You can do a lot of things very well,” Mac said to me, “but one of them is not working for white people.”

I left... the Times and my friends thought I had gone mad again. I wasn't so sure they were wrong. I borrowed an apartment from a friend and comforted myself with Scotch whisky, wondering how long I could continue to support Amy at Barnard and David at his private school in Washington. I had done rash things before, but this time I thought I had been absolutely foolhardy and, despite the concern and affection of dear friends like Richard Harris, Lisle Carter, Ramsey Clark, Kenneth Clark and Mac Bundy, I was terribly alone. I was terrified, and I could not sleep....

I could not bring myself to attend a party that night given by an old friend from the Times. I couldn't let everyone see my ravaged face, couldn't deal with questions about how I was and what I was doing. The truth is that I thought I was becoming a drunk for sure, so I clasped the bottle of Bell's Scotch closer to ward off that fear.

But even with a lot of Scotch that night, sleep wouldn't come. I tossed in bed and sweated in terror. Finally, some time around four in the morning, a crazy memory touched my mind. It was my grandmother telling me that breakfast was the most important meal of the day. I set the clock for eight thirty then and went right to sleep.

When the alarm went off, I got out of bed, walked past the bottle of Scotch on the bedside table and got into the shower. Then I shaved and dressed, bought the Sunday paper and found the cleanest eating place I could. I enjoyed a hearty breakfast of soft scrambled eggs, sausage, coffee and toast. It was ten o'clock when I got back to my typewriter on that golden, crisp fall morning. By one, when I was to go over to a friend's house to watch football, I had written 1500 words for my first freelance piece since leaving the Times.

I was a man living in a never-never land somewhere far beyond the constraints my grandparents had known but far short of true freedom. I knew no black people—young or old, rich or poor—who didn't feel injured by the experience of being black in America. Though some went mad, most coped with the special problems that race presented to them. I had coped by translating my anguish into words, by trying to change the minds and the hearts of people. I believed it was possible to communicate with white people about race and thereby make things better. But there was always the need to write through their denial, which was near the core of racism. White people had been denying the truth from the beginning.

During those days when I was pounding out this book in Bobby Clark's apartment, I was approached by Murray Gart, the editor of the Washington Star. Murray was en-

gaged in a stubborn struggle to keep that great old paper alive, and he wanted to know if I would come and help him. Though he never said it, I understood that he was searching for greater credibility and readership in Washington's large black community, and he thought I might be able to help....

So we negotiated. I would write long pieces for the paper and, aside from him, would have only one editor, my good and respected friend, Eileen Shanahan, a fine journalist and one of the toughest feminists in the business. I would be called associate editor, but I would be more like a writer in residence. I thought the capital needed two papers and that the struggle to keep a good newspaper alive was a noble one.

I surely must have seemed like a mystery to the people in the newsroom, because though my name soon appeared on the masthead, I wasn't around very much. I made a new friend, a young black reporter named Kenny Walker, who was amused at the reactions of some of the whites there to me. “They ain't never seen no blue-chip nigger like you before,” he would say with a laugh.

When I moved back to Washington, I got an apartment in Anacostia, a poor black section of town. After so many years of a thoroughly integrated life, it was curious but comforting to get up in the morning and see only black people in my building and at the places where I went to have my clothes cleaned or shoes repaired. Some people thought my living there was something of a gimmick or a conceit, but it wasn't. The rent was cheap, the view was fabulous, and the constant proximity to ordinary black people was psychologically nourishing.

I wrote some things in the Star that I liked—about the city and about black people—and was really warming to my tasks when Time Incorporated, the Star's parent company, decided to cut its losses and close the paper down. I was thoroughly depressed, because the Star was a fine paper with many fine journalists working on it. Weak though we were, the Washington Post had to keep an eye on us, and I am convinced that the competition made the Post a better paper....

A few months after the Star folded, Kenny and I had lunch at Mel Crupin's restaurant on Connecticut Avenue. When we finished, I went to get a taxi on the southbound side of the avenue. Kenny told me I ought to go over to the northbound side because cabs didn't often pick up blacks going south for fear they were heading toward the ghetto.

“Aw, man, you're crazy,” I said.

“No, I'm not,” Kenny said. “An awful lot of cabs have passed me by on this side of the street.”

“Well, I'll try this one,” I said, throwing up my hand as an empty cab came down the street. It slowed and stopped. As I opened the door and stepped in, I turned and grinned at Kenny and said, “Blue chip.” Kenny was still breaking up as the cab pulled away.

MY mother is a fish.” That is the splendid sentence that opens William Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*. I didn't know, when I read it, that the fish was a symbol for Jesus. And as I sit working in the summer house on a beautiful lake in Michigan that my stepfather built for his family to enjoy, there are fish symbols all over the place. My mother is a deeply religious woman, and she wanted a few fish around the house because of that. Friends saw that and decided that it had something to do with the lake and all the fishing that people do around here. So they gave her fish things. We have paintings of fish in this house, fish-

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shaped ash trays, fish dangling from mobiles, fish platters, fish salt shakers; fish all around.

But my sister Judy got it right when she gave my mother a little talk hanging that says, "God couldn't be everywhere, so He invented mother." I am not a religious man, but I have come to understand lately that I am a Christian to my marrow.

I got that from my mother, just as I got from her the notion that my life should be forged into an instrument to be used to make things better for people whose lives are made miserable by the unfairness of our country. My mother is a fish, and so is my stepfather, and so were my father and my Gram. They shaped me and sent me out into a world toward places where there were forms of cruelty they never knew. They never told me what to do out there and certainly never asked me to prove myself by piling up money. They simply expected me to try to be decent and to do decent things.

The family is gathering now for our Fourth of July celebration—Mamma and Poppa have come in from Grand Rapids, Judy flew in from Washington; Poppa's niece, Margaret, and her family drove up from Ann Arbor; and Sharon and her husband, Melvin Peters, and their son Troy drove up from Lansing. I have been here all month finishing this book, while my wife, Patricia King, has been grading freshman law exams and preparing a new course she's going to teach at the Georgetown University Law Center next fall.

Patricia and I were married in February 1981, a month shy of my 49th birthday and four months shy of her 35th. We met in December, I proposed in January and we were in Jamaica on our honeymoon before February was over. It was fast, but it was right. Patricia grew up in the public housing projects of Norfolk, Va., and went to the segregated schools there. Then she got a scholarship to Wheaton College in Massachusetts and was stunned, at 17, to find herself in what was an almost total sea of whiteness. Before she was through, she was student body president. She went to work at the State Department as a budget analyst and rose to be GS 11 by the time she was twenty-four.

But she decided that she didn't want to make a career at State, and so, much to her mother's consternation, she quit and went to Harvard Law School. After Harvard, she turned down offers from major law firms to work in civil rights in the government, first at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and then at HEW. Instead of taking a promotion that Caspar Weinberger, who was secretary, offered her, she went to Georgetown to teach. She has done that ever since, except for a 16-month leave when she served in the Department of Justice as a deputy assistant attorney general, directing the defense of all tort claims brought against the United States. Patricia and I ran some of the toughest gauntlets white people can construct. My time with her has been extraordinary. I have never been happier in my life.

In a sense, I have been an explorer and I sailed as far out into the white world as a black man of my generation could sail. A New York law firm, State, Commerce, Justice, Ford, The Washington Post, The New York Times, the Hampsons, Johannesburg and Paris were some of my ports of call along with a number of beds, some warm, some luxurious, some both. I could not stand white people shutting doors in my face, so I pushed through plenty of them. My life wasn't always neat and tidy, and I didn't always do the right thing, but because the fish were guiding me, even when I didn't

know or want it, there were some good things.

After I left and they put some more blacks, some women and some young people on the board of the Ford Foundation, Mac Bundy told Kenneth Clark, "I didn't know one man could change an institution as much as Roger did, but he did it." Warren Christopher, when he was Deputy Attorney General, once told my staff that I was the conscience of the Department of Justice. I like that, and I like the fact Ben Bradlee gives me credit for helping him learn better the need for more racial openness at the Post. Once, at the Times, I was told that a column of mine had convinced President Carter to add \$667 million to his budget request for education aid to disadvantaged children. I told that to Uncle Roy when he was very sick in the hospital, and he just smiled and smiled. The Times settled our suit with an affirmative-action plan that I thought was pretty good. Our lawyers, Mary O'Melveny and Jonathan Lubell, were wonderful. We even got a little money too. I paid for our honeymoon with part of it.

But in my explorings, I caught some diseases too—not malaria, such as the old explorers got, but depression, divorce and what people call in genteel fashion, a drinking problem. And I found out that I surely didn't want to live "out there." I met some wonderful people, some of whom will be friends for life. But by and large, I found out that a lot of white folk "just aren't ready," as we used to say about ourselves. A lot of them aren't ready for decency and some of them aren't even ready to be polite.

White people in this country insist on telling those of us who are not white exactly who we are, though they don't have a clue about what they are talking about. One of the great justices, Roger Taney, told blacks that the Constitution said we couldn't be citizens. The American government told us in World War II that we weren't good enough to fight for democracy, except in segregated units and usually behind the lines. White Americans told us that we were shiftless, unclean and licentious. In the heyday of affirmative action they told us that we were unqualified. And now, the neoconservatives are telling us that we are free. All of that is bullshit. The clearest thing I was ever told by an outsider was by [a] stewardess on an Air India flight—that I was a man and an American. And I have fought off the fantasies that white people have tried to impose on me ever since.

And there was one man outside the circle of my own family who helped me to do that more than any other. There were lots of beacons of course. W. E. B. DuBois, Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, Mary McLeod Bethune, Joe Louis and Adam Clayton Powell were among them. But Jack Roosevelt Robinson was my main man.

Now, Satchel Paige is my main model. A baseball historian once told me that in one of those inter-color all-star games that they had before organized baseball decided that black men were good enough to play a children's game with white men, that a newcomer slammed a home run off Paige. Paige asked his shortstop who the newcomer was and was told that the man's name was Ralph Kiner, and that he had been rookie of the year and had led the National League in home runs. "Remember, Satch," the shortstop said, "he can hit the fast ball." The next time Kiner came up, Paige, against the advice of his catcher, threw three fast balls past Kiner and then said to his shortstop, "Nobody can hit Satch's fast ball."

That's the game I know. Two guys take turns on the mound firing their best blazers. The one who's still out there firing when the sun goes down wins. That's my game.



Now comes Miller time.



CONFESSIONS OF A "TOKEN BLACK" *Continued*

But, if it hadn't been for Jackie Robinson, I probably wouldn't have gotten a chance to play my game. Jackie changed the way we all think of ourselves. As an American, I grew up believing in heroes—the Lone Ranger for instance.

Jackie put human dimensions on heroism. He was as fiercely competitive a man as ever lived, as far as I can tell. But when conditions for the race called for it, he reined in his fire under the most severe provocations—as when he couldn't stay with the Dodgers in segregated St. Louis, or when some "bush" ball players put black cats on the field to taunt him—and just played superb baseball. He was humble and quiet that year, as the needs of his people required him to be. But after he had proved himself in his rookie year and had paved the way for others to come, he became his full competitive, slashing self and he seemed to be saying, "No white folks going to cut me down ever again."

There were others after that. Bill Russell of the Celtics, for instance, who was proud, fierce, superb and a winner. And there was Jimmy Brown, a runner unlike any we have ever seen, who was proud enough to walk away at the top of his game. But, Jackie was the first and the fullest human being. He and the other black athletes engaged white people on fields and courts where there were rules and umpires and where white people had to play fair. Fields of play became human proving grounds where blacks had a reasonable shot at disproving the white fantasy about their inferiority. Watching Jackie, somehow I decided that I would do that on the sloping grounds of government, philanthropy and journalism, where there are no umpires and where white people cheat and demean blacks every day. I took my fast ball to those fields because Jackie had taught me that a black man need never again submit his psyche to the cruelties of white people's racist fantasies. Jackie also helped teach me that I was an American. Jackie was a fish.

President Reagan called the Washington Star one day, where I was an associate editor from 1980 to 1981, to complain about something I had written. If I were he, I would have complained too. Any fair reading of that column would reveal that I had called him an ignorant bigot and any fair reading of my mind would reveal that that is exactly what I think. Blacks used to laugh at white people who would deny bigotry by asserting, "One of my best friends is a Negro." But people haven't been that crude for years. But Ronald Reagan called to say that he knew about bigotry, because he had had a black teammate in college; he and his white teammates had been so offended by racial epithets thrown at the black by the other team that they had turned a 14-14 half-time tie into a 43-14 rout. He also talked about his Catholic father, who wouldn't sleep in a place that wouldn't admit Jews.

Well, "Pretty is as pretty does," as Gram used to say, so I argued with the President about his policies, which are sure to hurt the poor and the minorities. I was polite to the President, but I didn't back off. We had no more agreement at the end of our civil conversation than when we started talking.

When I got off the phone, Patricia said: "I'm proud of you. There you are, talking to the President of the United States and you didn't give up one inch of your honor."

I thought about that last night when I read something else I wrote in the Star arguing, on the basis of a trip to Mississippi, that the Voting Rights Act shouldn't be gutted, as Senator Strom Thurmond and a lot of other politicians

seem to want to do—

A few days later I got back from Mississippi. I took my daughter, Amy, to visit with Uncle Roy [Wilkins] before she goes off on her first real job...

Uncle Roy is old now and he bends over in his chair. He sees best to his left and Amy sat on the floor holding his hand and kissing his arm. He loves her so. When she would move away, he could put out his left hand, looking for her and that splendid young woman would smile at him.

Looking at them, loving them, I realized something. Because some white people are so resistant to change and some powerful white people dissemble and misuse power so, Uncle Roy believes that we will achieve America's constitutional promises more than I do and I believe more than Amy does.

That is not a promising trend, so I would say to Senator Thurmond and others who would destroy the Voting Rights Act: Let my people vote or there is apt to be great American sorrow in the time of my grandchildren and also yours.

But, gut away though they will, there will always be honorable black people to come back and to fight another day. I've always thought that if I have fifteen lucid moments before I die, I'll want to look back and see that I tried to act with honor, fifteen minutes by fifteen minutes throughout my life. The struggle of life is not won with one glorious moment like Reggie Jackson's five straight home runs in a recent World Series—wonderful and thrilling though that was—but a continual struggle in which you keep your dignity intact and your powers at work, over the long course of a lifetime.

And that's my answer to David's question about whether he should be a football player or a writer and to Amy's unasked questions as well. It doesn't matter, writer or community organizer or football player. The answer is simply to learn the lessons of all the fish, to follow their paths of decency, and to have courage, because it is hard to do. That's all I know.



On vacation in the north woods of Michigan in 1978, the author posed with stepfather Robert Claytor, mother Helen J. Claytor, daughter Amy and son David.

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BLACK OFFICIALS IN PROFESSIONAL SPORTS



Only 17 have made their way to top in the NFL, NBA and major league baseball

IT'S called a "hazard of the job," and every major league umpire, National Football League official and National Basketball Assn. referee has experienced it. At some time during their careers, their ears have been peppered with deafening choruses of boos that are followed by screams of "Kill the umpire!" or "We need a new referee!" At any professional sporting event, those outbursts are as common as rising ticket prices.

But not so common at major pro sports events are Black officials. In fact, Eric Gregg is the only Black umpire in baseball. The NBA has only five Black referees and pro football has only 11. Just 17 Blacks have made it to the top.

They are pioneers in the world of

big-time sports where the men who officiate the contests are just about as important as the balls used to play the games. They have the task of enforcing the rules, controlling the action and sometimes keeping the peace.

However, it wasn't until 1965, when Burl Toler was hired to work in the NFL, that the door to pro sports was opened to Black officials. Since that time, several other Blacks have landed jobs in the league and, today, 11 of the 107 NFL officials are Black. Beginning in July of each year, they travel to stadiums across the country to work four pre-season games and 16 regular contests. The pay scale per game ranges from \$325 to \$800 depending on the official's experience.

For NBA officials (who make an average of \$40,000 per year), the workload is much heavier. Their 82-game schedule calls for them to work during the week and on weekends, forcing them to devote most of their time to the NBA until they get a break during

Eric Gregg is the only Black umpire working full time in major league baseball. Joining league in 1976, he followed in footsteps of Emmett Ashford and Art Williams to become only third Black umpire in pro baseball's 107-year history.

the off-season. Among the association's 29 referees, five of them are Black.

In baseball, Gregg is the only Black person among the 56 umpires in the major leagues. However, Charlie Williams, who is assigned to the Pacific Coast League in the minors, will temporarily move up to the big leagues this summer when the veteran umpires take vacation. The starting salary of a major league umpire is \$26,000 and escalates to a top figure of \$75,000 per year.

Since Black officials have gotten the chance to work at the professional level, they have tried to set an example that others can follow. As Toler puts it, "We have to pave the way for other young Blacks who hope to become officials in the professional ranks."

Continued on Next Page



Burl Toler was the first Black hired to work in the NFL in 1965. The 53-year-old director of personnel for a division of the San Francisco Community College is a head linesman. He worked in this year's Super Bowl, Super Bowl XIV, and was an alternate in Super Bowl I.



Leg Miles, a former fullback with the New York Giants, has been an NFL official 14 years and, in 1974, was the first Black to work a Super Bowl game. The 50-year-old head linesman is the athletic director at Howard University in Washington, D.C.



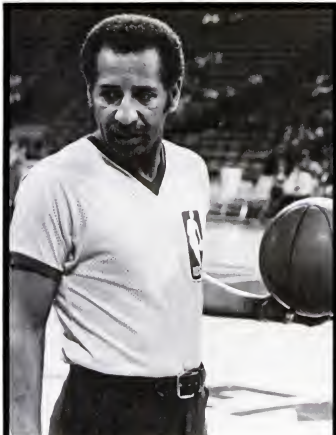
Al Jury, 40, is an NFL back judge who has been in the league five years. Prior to joining the NFL, Jury worked in the Pac-8 Conference. He is a traffic officer with the California Highway Patrol in Rialto, Calif.



John Everett is a four-year veteran of the NFL and previously worked in the Big Ten Conference. The 45-year-old line judge is an assistant principal at a Chicago vocational high school.



Ben Montgomery will begin his first year as a line judge in the NFL this fall. The 42-year-old graduate of Morehouse College in Atlanta is an assistant high school principal in Dayton, Ohio.



Lee Jones, 44, has refereed in NBA All-Star games and one championship series during his 10-year professional career. The resident of Roosevelt, N.Y., who officiated college games for three years, also is a real estate broker.



Hugh Evans, 39, has been considered one of the top NBA referees since he started officiating eight years ago. The Richmond, Va., resident who played pro baseball in the minor leagues has worked one NBA All-Star game.



Jess Thompson, 44, retired Lt. colonel and former U.S. Army helicopter pilot, has been in the NBA two years. The Willingboro, N.J., resident previously worked the Continental Basketball League.



Hue Hollins, a graduate of Cal State Univ. at Dominguez Hills, joined the NBA five years ago after 10 years working college games. The 40-year-old former school-teacher is a resident of Inglewood, Calif.



Jim Capers, a 42-year-old former Chicago high school teacher, spent five years officiating college basketball games before moving up to the NBA 10 years ago. He has worked All-Star and playoff games.

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Ron DeSouza, the first Black to officiate in the Atlantic Coast Conference, has been an NFL side judge for three years. DeSouza, 42, is vice president of student affairs at Coppin State College in Baltimore.



Frank Glover, an NFL head linesman, has been in the league 11 years. A graduate of Morris Brown College in Atlanta, Glover, 31, is an assistant area superintendent for the Atlanta school system.



Bob Beeks, 54, has been an NFL line judge for 15 years and has worked in two Super Bowls, including this year's. A graduate of Lincoln Univ. in Jefferson City, Mo., Beeks is a sergeant with the St. Louis Police Dept.



Johnny Grier, 35, supervisor at the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co. in Washington, D.C., has been an NFL field judge two years. He was in the Mideast Athletic Conference before joining the NFL.



Nathan Jones, a side judge, will begin his sixth year in the NFL this fall. The 41-year-old principal of a Portland, Ore., high school worked in the Pac-8 Conference before graduating to the pro ranks.



Wilson Gosier, a former World Football League official, begins his third year in the NFL this fall. Gosier, a line judge, is the assistant executive director of the Georgia Professional Practices Commission.



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A SPLENDID DO-IT-YOURSELF HOME

Chicago's George Manning restores 18-room mansion to its original elegance



George Manning (2nd from r.) and his niece, Marie Anita Bell (r.), stand with Manning's neighbors in front of the 18-room Queen Anne home he bought and has lovingly restored to its former elegance. Others are (from left) John A. Montgomery, Evelyn Montgomery, Mildred Holliday, Leon Williams, Lindsey and Frank DeBose and their sons Frank II and Marc.

BY JUDITH NEISSER

SIX years ago, George Manning and his mother, Mrs. Jamesia Manning, moved from their modest frame house down the block to the house of George's dreams—an 18-room, Queen Anne mansion designed by prominent turn-of-the-century Chicago architect Frederick R.

Schock. Located in Austin Village, a 20-block residential section on Chicago's far West Side, the house is distinguished by brown shingles and sandstone, turrets and bays, leaded and jeweled stained glass windows, and handcrafted woodwork.

Although the house was a Victorian gem when built in 1891 for wealthy industrialist Frederick C. Beeson, it had been neglected over the years and needed extensive clean-up work and rehabilitation. Manning, 33, recalls: "The previous owner had about 30 cats, so the floors needed complete restoration. There were at least four layers of peeling wallpaper that had to be removed from the walls and ceilings in almost every room, and the walls needed resurfacing. Then there was the woodwork; it had to be chemically cleaned. The roof had to be replaced, the outside trim had to be painted, and the age-blackened sandstone had to be scrubbed clean. That wasn't all. I had to clear the yard of more than 100 seedlings and brush and then landscape the grounds. Talk about work—there was plenty to do." And Manning did 90 percent of it himself in an extraordinary do-it-yourself project. By the fall of 1980, the huge house had been restored with museum-like faithfulness to its original elegance. The following spring at Chicago's City House renovation fair, it won the Chicago Dept. of Housing's annual "Foremost Recognition" award for single-family home restoration.

Restoring the unhealthy and neglected to beauty and vitality is what George Manning is all about. A veritable renaissance man who paints, sculpts, designs clothes and plays five musical instruments (violin, viola, piano, harpsichord and pipe organ), Manning earns his living as an activity therapist for the emotionally disturbed at the Illinois State Psychiatric Institute. "Through art, music and recreation, we help improve the patients' emotional skills to assist them in becoming healthier, better integrated individuals," he explains.



Manning and his mother, Mrs. Jamesia Manning, waltz in the ballroom of their home. The room is illuminated by 92 theater lights in tulip-shaped glass shades. The floor, walls and ceiling have been expertly restored. At left, the Mannings' game room has cherry wood trim, a lighting fixture of brass, bronze and pot metal, an antique game table and cherry grandfather's clock. Manning carved most pieces of the chess set out of pine but used curtain rod finials for the pawns. Much of the home's furnishings has been collected by Manning and his family over the years, and Manning frequents antique shops, looking for items of special interest.



Manning, who once lived in Chicago's Robert Brooks public housing project, applies the same determination and social conscience he uses to rehabilitate people to the rehabilitation of the Austin neighborhood where he has lived for 10 years. When he moved there, the once prosperous, predominantly Irish Catholic community had just undergone abrupt White-to-Black racial change. Manning assumed leadership of his block club, built it into a strong interracial force, and began a number of programs to make the area one of the most desirable in the city. He led a successful battle to rid his street of a pair of abandoned apartment buildings which had become hangouts for criminal types and had them replaced with a plaza-like cul-de-sac. His countless trips to the city's Bureau of Forestry resulted in the replanting of scores of trees lost to Dutch Elm disease. In addition, he organized a weekly Saturday morning clean-up group—a corps of 10 men—which still functions. "We still clean up all the neighbors' frontages and yards as well as the side streets and alleys," Manning explains.



Visiting the Mannings for coffee (top photo) are neighbors Joe English (seated c.), and Robert ReChord and his wife Betsy Densmore. Manning and his mother are at extreme left. The sunburst motif of the stained glass window over the Roman brick fireplace is repeated throughout the home in cut glass and bronze lighting fixtures. Above (left), in

the dining room, Louis XVI chairs are upholstered in sandrift velvet. The mirrored built-in breakfront holds a collection of crystal and silver. Above (right), in the Great Hall, the pew is from historic First Immanuel Lutheran Church of Chicago, where Manning is musical director and organist. Persian and Indian rugs are throughout the house.

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"So, try it. Take your choice of tasty chocolate, delicious vanilla, or new strawberry and banana. Use my formula for five full days. You will be trimmer. You will be slimmer. You will be lighter. And, you will see the difference in your mirror and by the fit of your clothes. Just the same, if you're not happy with my plan for any reason, simply return the unused portion within 30 days for a prompt refund, no questions asked!"

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"Send me your order now. I guarantee that if you follow my plan compared with any other over-the-counter plan, you will lose the most weight that you're capable of losing in a short period of time. And, you will continue to lose as much weight as you want. To best of all, you will keep that weight off!"

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'LOST 69 lbs.'

SUSAN HOFFMEYER.
Bacon twirling champ

"I LOST 69 lbs. and I'm still losing! I was never hungry or tired. I have more energy than before. It's wonderful! You lose the weight and Dr. Levine does all the worrying. He's changed my eating patterns and my life."



Before

After

'LOST 55 lbs.'

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"I LOST 55 lbs. and I feel great! I have maintained my weight for over 3 years. My waist and hips are each 10 1/2 inches smaller and I look and feel better than ever. Even my business has benefited!"



Before

After

'LOST 93 lbs.'

HARVEY LEONARD

"I LOST 93 lbs. in 5 MONTHS and kept it off for 5 YEARS! I lost 12 inches from my waistline and 9 inches from my hips. I never felt better. I have more energy and I'm more alert."

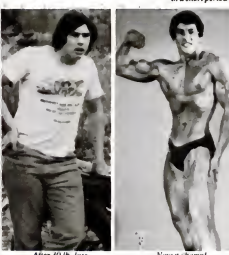


After 42 lb. loss

After 69 lb. loss

After 5 yrs. Still 93 lbs. lighter and running in the N.Y. Marathon

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Now a champ!

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Assortment #7075 - Chocolate, Strawberry, Banana

Assortment #7107 - Strawberry and Banana

Assortment #7127 - Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry, Banana

Assortment #7137 - Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry, Banana



Saturday morning clean up (top) finds Manning (l.) and neighbors (including John Montgomery, Marc DeBose and Leon Williams) picking up debris carelessly dropped by passersby. Afterward, Manning relaxes at the grand piano in his parlor.

DO-IT-YOURSELF HOME *Continued*

That same kind of "small town spirit" is evident in Manning's willingness to share his restoration experience with others. In addition to giving advice on which tools, techniques and materials to use, he often makes his home available to others. Not only does he host frequent meetings and small dinners, he also throws two large parties per year—a summer fest for 400 people called A Midsummer Night's Lawn Party (all guests wear white) and a Christmas celebration to which he invites 100 friends. "I love to share this house with others," he says. "Actually, I'm merely its trustee. After all, it's been here for almost 100 years and will certainly be around a long time after I'm gone." He adds: "I suppose you could say that I enjoy seeing things reawakened. I get enormous gratification from seeing patients revitalized and functioning, knowing that I had a hand in it. I also enjoy seeing this architectural treasure sort of chuckling and saying 'I'm almost 100 years old, and I'm looking forward to my next 100 years.' Giving new life and purpose is what it's all about."

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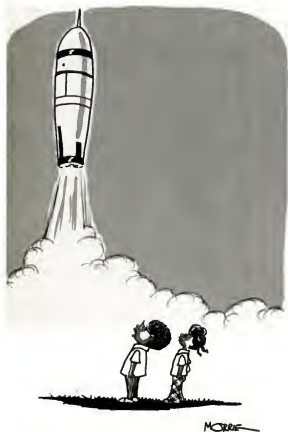
Strictly for Laughs



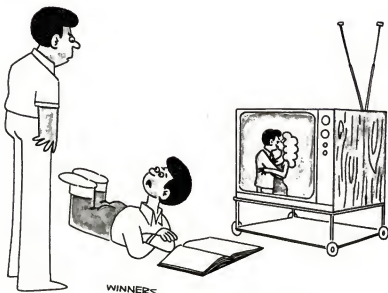
"Have you always had this fear of people, Mr. Smith?"



"No thanks, I already have a partner."



"There goes our lunch program."



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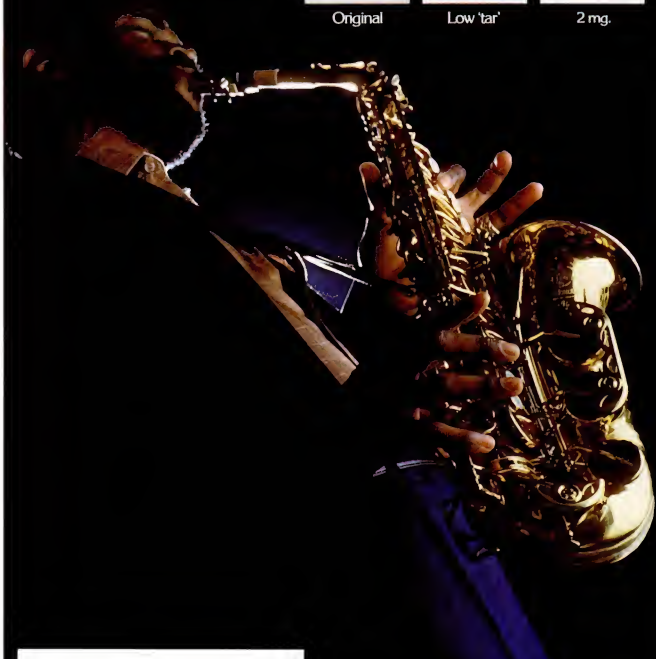
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date with
a dish

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Circle 10 on Reader Service

Lady Finger Ice Cream Cake: Line a two-quart mold or mixing bowl with about two dozen lady fingers that have been split. Pack with hand-dipped Häagen-Dazs strawberry ice cream (about three pints) and cover with foil. Freeze several hours or overnight. Unmold and garnish with whipped cream and strawberries. Makes 8 to 10 servings.



Crinkle Cups: In a double boiler, melt 12 oz. semi-sweet chocolate chips; add 6 oz. finely chopped coconut. Place 10 to 12 paper baking cups (3 to 4 inch diameter) in muffin pan sections. With spoon, line sides and bottoms of cups with melted chocolate and refrigerate to set. When ready to serve, peel off the paper and fill chocolate cups with ice cream and top with candy or nuts.

Chocolate Whirl Pie: Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ c. butter or margarine and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. chocolate cookies (finely crumbled) and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar. Mix well and remove from heat. With a fork, line pie pan, packing well. Allow to cool, then scoop in chocolate marble ice cream and freeze. Before serving, top with whipped cream and sprinkle with nuts.



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Singles...



GARDEN HERO SANDWICH

- | | |
|---|---|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup KRAFT Italian Dressing | Lettuce |
| 1 large tomato, thinly sliced | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. assorted luncheon meat slices |
| 1 medium onion, thinly sliced | 1 8-oz. pkg. KRAFT American Singles Pasteurized Process Cheese Food |
| 1 cup thin cucumber slices | |
| 1 Vienna bread loaf, cut in half lengthwise | |

Pour dressing over combined tomato, onion and cucumber. Cover; marinate in refrigerator. Drain, reserving marinade. Brush cut surface of bread with marinade; fill with lettuce, meat, marinated vegetables and process cheese food.

4 to 6 servings



CHEESE 'N CORN JOES

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 lb. ground beef | 8 slices KRAFT American Singles Pasteurized Process Cheese Food, cut diagonally in half |
| 1 cup KRAFT Barbecue Sauce | Dill pickle slices |
| 1 8½-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained | |
| 8 hamburger buns, split | |

Brown meat; drain. Stir in barbecue sauce and corn; simmer 15 minutes. For each sandwich, cover bottom half of bun with meat mixture, process cheese food and pickles. Cover with top half of bun. Garnish with stuffed green olives, if desired.

8 sandwiches



...make it doubly good.



You'll love the good value of individually wrapped KRAFT American Singles Pasteurized Process Cheese Food. The creamy, delicious flavor adds a very special taste to favorite sandwiches and family recipes. Every single time.

BACON CHEESE DOGS

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 6 bacon slices | 1 8-oz. pkg. KRAFT |
| 6 frankfurters | American Singles |
| 6 KRAFT | Pasteurized |
| Barbecue | Process |
| Sauce | Cheese Food |
| 6 frankfurter buns, split | |

Wrap bacon around frankfurters. Place frankfurters on greased grill; grill 15 to 20 minutes or until bacon is cooked, brushing frequently with barbecue sauce. Fill buns with process cheese food and frankfurters. Serve with additional barbecue sauce and garnish with pickle chunks, if desired.

6 servings



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HOT VEGGIE SANDWICH

1. Cut SPAM® Luncheon Meat (12 oz. can) into slices. Spread 4 slices of rye bread with mayonnaise. Assemble 2 cups shredded zucchini, 12 onion rings, 12 tomato slices, 4 large mushrooms, sliced.

Divide and layer vegetables on bread and add slices of SPAM® Luncheon Meat.

2. Wrap each in foil and bake at 350° 15-20 minutes. Open foil, add slices of Monterey Jack cheese and broil 'til melted. 4 servings.



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Adult Ice Cream Delights (l. to r.): **Summer Cooler:** In blender, whip two scoops vanilla ice cream until creamy and soft. Add ½ oz. bourbon, ½ oz. brandy, ½ oz. rum and milk to fill a 12-oz. glass. **Ice Cream Daiquiri:** In blender, whip 2 scoops lime sherbert and 1 oz. rum. **Brandy Ice:** Mix ¾ c. brandy and 1 qt. softened vanilla ice cream in a chilled mixing bowl. Pour into eight chilled glasses and top with nutmeg before serving. **Ice Cream Topped with Liqueur:** Scoop vanilla ice cream into chilled dessert dishes and top with your favorite liqueur.



Ice Cream With Bananas and Grand Marnier: Peel and quarter 3 large ripe bananas. Melt 2 tbs. butter in chafing dish over moderate heat; sauté bananas until tender and then sprinkle with 2 tbs. sugar. Add 6 tbs. Grand Marnier. When hot, set ablaze. When flame subsides, add ½ c. honey, ½ c. orange juice, ¼ tsp. ground mace, ¼ tsp. ground coriander and 2 tbs. heavy sweet cream. Turn off heat. Scoop coffee or vanilla ice cream into dessert dishes. Arrange bananas around ice cream and spoon liquid over the dessert. Serves six.

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FALL & WINTER 1982-83
BY EUNICE W. JOHNSON**

Gianni Versace's leather fencer jacket worn
under mink coat

"MADE IN Italy" has become an international concept for creativity, quality and luxury in the world of fashion. Italians now have the most advanced facilities in the world for the manufacturing of textiles and the handling of furs. Their age-old knowledge of tailoring has now been combined with their expertise in weaving leather and suede, and they're doing this in the strongest and boldest colors.

Italian styling this season is directed toward something for every body. One of the most important fashion messages that comes through loud and clear is width at the top, and a slender, lean, tubular look at the bottom.

Just when everyone became convinced that length no longer matters—it does! Skirts are more defined—they are either short-short, at the knee or near the ankle. The silhouette should be determined by your proportions and what looks best on your individual figure.

One of the strong looks in many of the Italian fashion houses is the blouson shape—in blouses and jackets (hip-length and longer) as well as in one-piece dresses. Another strong influence is the tunic—shown over skirts and pants, many with hip-slung belts or sashes.

The "triangle shape" is also shown in Italy, formed by batwing-sleeves on blouses and jackets. Some square, wide-shoulder coats and jackets look over-exaggerated, especially when worn under a cape. The "large top" look is worn over short, slim skirts, full bias skirts hitting mid-calf or below, or with balloon-hip pants with tapered legs.

Italian fabrics this season are elaborate: velvets, silks, satins, cashmeres, corduroy, soft flannels, lurex, brocades, suede in bright colors and even hand-woven suede. Leather has a new wrinkle, or distressed look, used with smooth leather.

With all the versatility and innovation going on in the Italian market, it's easy to see why the label "Made in Italy" will be in strong demand in Fall/Winter 1982-83.



Miguel Cruz's culotte tuxedo suit



Mario Valentino's woven suede inserts on suede blouse



Touche's triangle look formed by batwing sleeves over slim skirt



Cruz's ribbed, beaver-fringed cape with long scarf and suede pants



Versace's rounded-over shoulders that balloon over coat of slim bottom and skirt



Cruz's broad-shoulder Harlequin coat



Basile's exaggerated shoulders with balloon sleeves of satin and velvet jacket.



Tivioli's brilliant, colorful *peau de soie* mink-lined coat



Tivioli's mink-lined coat with *peau de soie* dress



Enrica Massel's square-shoulder top forming slender column look over pants

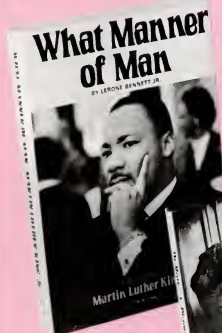


Barocco's bell-sleeve blouse with square, ruffled yoke and slim skirt



Tivioli's Persian lamb and distressed leather blouson jacket over bra and short tube

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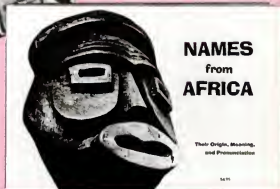
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Mrs. Lynn Swann:

FOOTBALL STAR'S WIFE TALKS ABOUT PROBLEMS OF 'LOOKING WHITE'

She finds that light skin
can still be a handicap

By Jack Slater

Married to Pittsburgh Steelers wide receiver Lynn Swann in 1979, Bernadette Swann said many believed their marriage was an interracial one from seeing photographs. She says she has always lived as Black and wants to be accepted as Black.

BERNADETTE SWANN has always found herself imprisoned in her fair skin, trapped in a kind of nether dimension where she is neither White nor Black. Often mistaken for White by some even as she is declared unacceptable as Black by others, Bernadette, a 23-year-old Los Angeles fashion model, has discovered that her skin color places her in that proverbial niche between a rock and a hard place.

"It's been a problem," says the wife of the Pittsburgh Steelers' wide receiver Lynn Swann. Then, trying to understand her dilemma, she amends herself. "Not a problem," she decides, "but I've had to deal with it ever since I was very young."

The dilemma currently affects her work. "When I'm called to go on inter-





Bernadette's family consists of her father Paul Irvin Robi, an original member still singing with the Platters, her Argentine born mother Martha and her sister Franchesca, 18, a freshman at Santa Monica college.

'LOOKING WHITE' *Continued*

views in which a Black model has been requested," she says, "the client will like me, but the world soon comes down that I'm too lightskinned for the job. The excuse: I would photograph too white and might therefore offend."

Such excuses were also used to deny Lena Horne various movie roles during the 1940s. In the 1950s, Dorothy Dandridge was also supposed to have "photographed too white." And more recently, TV actress Ellen Holly has had to contend with the same dilemma of being refused roles because of her fair skin.

Bernadette Swann is tired of such excuses. She is tired of being turned down for modeling assignments in the name of such excuses, and she is angered by the neglect, the indifference and even the animosity she arouses as a fair-skinned Black woman.

Above all, however, Bernadette is tired of the mistaken identities always



surrounding her. For instance, shopkeepers, thinking she is Chicana, will sometimes speak to her in Spanish. Strangers or acquaintances will frequently assume she is one of a half-dozen nationalities: Mexican-American, Mexican, Central American, Brazilian, Portuguese, or Jamaican. It is almost as though her ethereal, dark beauty democratically roams the earth in search of an identity. But the identity

she wants, the identity she needs to embrace—acceptance by Blacks as Black—has eluded her so far.

Bernadette's real troubles began in high school. As one of a large group of Black students chosen to further integrate the Los Angeles area's predominantly White Westchester High School, Bernadette was bused every morning from her home in Baldwin Hills, a Black middle-class section of

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On campus, Bernadette is accompanied by Cindy Mullins, wife of one of her husband's former teammates with the Steelers. Bernadette is a senior at Santa Monica State.

'LOOKING WHITE' *Continued*

the city. Ironically, her problems at the high school didn't arise from White students, who reacted to her with friendliness as well as indifference. Her problems arose from Black students, particularly from the Black girls, she says.

"They would run me out of school," she recalls. "I had threats, particularly after I once brought my mother, who is White, to a PTA meeting at the school. Girls would try to cut my hair. They would try to pick fights." But: "I never fought. I always talked my way out of fighting—at least three times a week. It was awful. I was always being accused by the girls at that school." Finally: "It affected my studies. I couldn't concentrate."

Bernadette hated high school, hated getting up in the morning to go to school, hated the bus ride, hated hav-

ing to confront people whom she felt clearly hated her.

Although she graduated from Westchester High in 1975, Bernadette has never quite recovered from her experience at that school. As a result, "I have to say it's more comfortable for me in a White environment," she says. Why?

"They (Whites) relate to me better," she replies. Then, with a little laugh, "I don't know why. I'm still trying to find the answer."

With which group does she identify? "The Blacks," she says. "Definitely the Blacks."

But Whites relate to her better than Blacks?

"I can relate to either side," she responds. "But as far as—say, for instance, a Black woman, I find it hard for her to relate to me a lot of times."

Again, however, Bernadette doesn't exactly know why this is so. Perhaps Black women, she offers, "feel threatened... thinking that I'm closer to being White." But again: "I don't know. I don't have an answer for that... The main thing here," she adds, "is that people think that, because you're an attractive, bright, light-skinned woman, you have it easy. We have just as hard a road as anyone else. I struggle, too."

Does her dilemma produce a sense of alienation for her, a sense of being alone?

"Yes," she answers, "I have very few friends. I can count my close friends on one hand."

One of Bernadette's best friends—Pam Norris, 27, a Los Angeles children's services worker who is also light complexioned—has developed a theory about why some darker Black women dislike their fair-skinned sisters. Suggesting that some darker women's insecurities are often projected onto her, Pam says that such women often "think that you think you're 'better' than they are, that you're a more privileged Black or that you have such an attitude. But, really and truly, you may not even have that attitude about yourself, but it's projected onto you."

Moreover: "There's a little jealousy that goes on," Pam offers. "They (some darker Black women) may think you're trying to get their boyfriends. They think you think you're cuter than they are." Then, smiling ruefully, she says, referring to her naturally straight hair, "I've also experienced girls trying to cut my hair. Why? Because in this

White-oriented society, hair is a symbol of race, of differentiation. If the hair is cut, the symbol of Whiteness is removed."

Bernadette Swann also believes that sexual jealousy plays a role in many darker women's dislike of their fairer sisters. "How many times have you heard a Black woman say, 'Well, look, he went and got himself a light-skinned woman.' Or: 'He went and got himself a White woman.' You hear that all the time."

Pam agrees, and adds, "The darker-skinned woman might say he's trying to get someone almost White or as White as possible, without going over to White."

Like Bernadette, Pam is also tired and, ultimately, embarrassed by such debilitating conflicts among Black people. "It's as though the 1960s never occurred," she says.

Given all the ramifications of racism, is it easier, then, for two light-skinned Black people to ignore their darker halves and relate simply to each other, to become friends and marry each other?

"Not necessarily," Pam says. "My personal feeling is opposites attract. I'm attracted to dark-skinned men. And that preference may stem from my idea about children. I don't want to marry a light-skinned person, because I don't want my children to go through the same thing I went through."

If you ask Bernadette Swann if she has similar preferences, she will say, "It's true my husband, Lynn, is darker than I am, but—" She pauses, thinking about the question. "No," she says, softly, "I have no such preferences."

Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., Bernadette Robi Swann grew up in Southern California after her father, entertainer Paul Irvin Robi, moved his Argentine wife, Martha, and their family to the West Coast to be nearer his work. Robi is one of the original members of the popular singing group, the Platters, which still tours overseas six months of every year.

Sheltered by the middle class, Bernadette grew up relatively protected from the horrors of racism. Even today, in the condominium she shares with her husband in exclusive Marina del Rey, she is relatively protected from a racist world.

As with all Blacks, however, her work does force certain realities of Black-White relations into her consciousness. She says that the paucity of Blacks in modeling is similar to the

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Studying together, Bernadette and Pam Norris, a Los Angeles Children's Service worker, are close friends. Pam, 27, is a lightskinned Black girl who has had experiences similar to those of Bernadette. Both have had girls attempt to cut off their hair.

'LOOKING WHITE' *Continued*

paucity of Blacks in many professions. "There really are so few of us who work as models," she observes, "and fewer of us who are light-skinned models. Most Black models are brown-skinned."

Even with her fair complexion, however, Bernadette continues to find work modeling for department store catalogs and for album covers. In March, however, her career stepped in another direction when she completed her first television commercial. But again there were complications.

"I experienced the same thing there," she says of the making of that commercial, "that I often experience in modeling."

The commercial's producers liked her at the initial interviews and subsequently hired her to appear opposite actor-comedian Jimmy Walker to tout the virtues of a popular drink. Later, however, she received word that she had been "cancelled." "I was really heartbroken," she recalls. She returned to the producers, asked why she had been fired and was informed that TV viewers, who might believe she was White, could be offended by her appearance on television with Walker.

Explaining that Blackness comes in a thousand shades, she finally convinced the producers to rehired her. "All right," she says, quoting one of the producers, "this is Hollywood. We're

in the business of illusion."

When she reported to work shortly after that, she was required to wear four shades of dark makeup in front of the cameras, so that everyone in the Land of Electronic Make-Believe would know, beyond doubt, that "I was Black," she says, laughing, then shrugging at the inventiveness of Tinsel Town.

"I just want a little more peace and happiness in the world," Bernadette says. "I'm tired of these terrible conflicts Blacks have among themselves. I'm tired of lightskinned models being ignored. I'm tired of lightskinned people being slighted. After all," says Bernadette Swann, "We're human, too."

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Why Richard Pryor 'Nigger' and why special woman to

nigger / nɪ-ɡər / *n* [shorter of earlier *negro*, fr. MF *negre*, fr. Sp or Pg *negro*, fr. *negro* black, fr. L *niger*] 1: **NEGRO** — usu. taken to be offensive 2: a member of any dark-skinned race — usu. taken to be offensive

Boy, you know what your problem is? You don't know how to deal with the White man. I do. That's why I'm in the position I am today.

—*That Nigger's Crazy*, 1974

EIGHT years after the sensational success of his album, *That Nigger's Crazy*, Richard Franklin Pryor, the hottest Black star in Hollywood history and one of the hottest stars in Hollywood history — sits in his office-den recalling the visitation, to speak in the tongue of the tradition, that changed his perception of race and made him give up the habit of using the word "nigger."

Listen:

I was sitting by myself [in the Nairobi Hilton in Kenya] and I just looked around and it was like a voice said to me, "What do you see?" And I said, "People of all colors doing things together." And another voice said, "Do you see any 'niggers'?" And I said [Pryor's voice grows



stopped saying he is seeking a bear his child

softer, drops to a whisper], "No." And the voice said, "Do you know why?" And I said [whispering], "No." And it said, "There aren't any." It was—just—like a shock to me. It was like, I don't know, it was like some great confession had been made. It was such a load off me. I just started crying, whimpering, you know, at the joy of it. I was enlightened [pause] that something had visited me there, and I had had an understanding of myself. And then I realized that I was dangerous. . . . I said, "Now you are a man, you're dangerous now. You are a man, you're dangerous." You understand? Now no one can put words on you . . . back here in your subconscious, and you are awake. When you are awake, you are dangerous. . . . I knew then that I wouldn't say it [nigger] any more to anyone or think it—you see, that was the best part . . . I don't think it. You understand? And I said, what I can't do, I don't want to go back preaching to people and telling people don't say what they are going to say. Because I find that if it isn't in someone's heart or mind they can't take it [the word "nigger"] out of their mouth.





On African trip, which he called "a spiritual voyage," Pryor posed with citizens and enjoyed the carefree life of a tourist. In his San Fernando Valley home, he discusses (below) trip that changed his life with Lerone Bennett Jr.

Richard Pryor *Continued*

THIS is the voice and vision of the new Richard Pryor, the personal, philosophical, spiritual Richard Pryor that few fans know. *That Richard Pryor, that Black man*, may be crazy in the triumphant sense of Brer Rabbit, the archetypal Black trickster, but he is also a growing, questing human being who has been to the other world of the spirits and who has returned with a vision of a new night and a new day. In a revealing interview with EBONY Senior Editor Lerone Bennett Jr., the Richard Pryor few people know put the new Richard Pryor on record, explaining why he stopped saying "nigger," and why he may stop using that twelve-letter word "motherf-----." He also discussed male-female relationships, sexism, street brothers, Ronald Reagan, and his worldwide search for a dream woman to give him what he wants more than anything. In a surprise revelation, he said he is "taking a year off" after the movie *Superman III* and that he may settle for awhile in Africa. Here are edited highlights from the interview.

EBONY: You achieved unheard-of fame for a Black comedian, for a comedian period, using, among other words, the word "nigger." After a trip to Africa, you changed your vocabulary and your racial images. How did you happen to go to Africa?

PRYOR: I was going to therapy under Dr. Alfred Cannon, who works at the Drew Medical Center. Right? Our professional relationship became a human relationship, and we became friends. And he suggested one day—he always had African art in his office—that I go to Africa. So I went and, landing, I had this feeling, coming into the airport, I felt something exciting in my bones, and I *knew* that it was going to be different for me.

EBONY: Different in what way?

PRYOR: The birds outside the window at the airstrip—they—just—they looked different. There was something about it. When we pulled into the airport, I saw all those Black people outside with the luggage and stuff. I used it in my act as a joke, but it was true—they were f---ing off with the luggage and stuff just like the people in New York. And [watching this] I had all of a sudden a new understanding about the world. You know what I'm saying? I realized all of a sudden that we are all equal, that people are the same everywhere. Here was an image of ourselves that is not seen in this country. If we are seen handling luggage in Los Angeles or New York, it's different. It doesn't have the



same dignity to it that it had over there.

EBONY: The same act and a different meaning.

PRYOR: Yes, because they had a foundation and could turn to each other and they were Black. It was their country, liberated land. I went into the airport and saw all the security and everybody was Black, blue-black, from top to bottom. You know what I'm saying—the color thing. And I just had a feeling... And that was the beginning of my voyage [a voyage that ended with the vision in the Nairobi Hilton just before his return flight to America].

EBONY: What year was this?

PRYOR: 1979.

EBONY: How long were you there?

PRYOR: Four weeks, in March and April. I drove around myself. I was very lucky. No one knew me or knew I was there until I left. Then they wanted to have the government parties and stuff, but I was gone. And it was a blessing to drive through the Motherland myself and get a sense of things, just as a tourist, that I probably wouldn't get the next time I went back.

EBONY: Would it be correct to say that your African trip was a spiritual voyage?

PRYOR: Yes, it was a spiritual thing... One day I was driving and there were about 20 lions on the side of the

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road. I didn't know there were 20 then—I thought there were about six. And I got out of the car—I was with my girlfriend [and now estranged wife, Jennifer Lee], and she said, "What are you doing?" I said, "I'm going over there to those lions." She said, "You're crazy," and started screaming. But I could not help myself. I got out of the car and I must have walked up to three feet of the lions.

EBONY: You mean you risked your life by walking bare-handed up to a pack of lions?

PRYOR: I could not help myself.

EBONY: What happened then?

PRYOR: I just stood there and the lion looked up at me, the male lion did, and the female lion just rolled over on her back. You know? They looked at me real curious, and I *felt all the Pryors get off*—you understand?—and it was, like, they said, "We can walk home from here. Thank you." Like they couldn't get across that water—you know what I'm saying?—and that they could walk home from there. As soon as that feeling left me, the lion started stretching and I realized where I was, and I reached back for the door, and it was farther back than I thought. The car was way back, about ten feet away, and I said, "s---," and I was trying to ease back to the car. The lion started stretching, the female lion started stretching, like, you know, your a-- been out here too long. I got back in the car and my girlfriend hit me upside the head.

EBONY: The way you describe it, it sounds like a religious experience, like a sacred moment of the spirits.

PRYOR: That's the feeling I had. I just felt like I had taken everybody home, *all the spirits home*, you know, and they could rest forever now. All the bloodline from way back when got off at that moment of concentration. *I had to go up and confront that lion*. I was way out there, knee deep, man. I felt, I mean, I don't suggest everybody go over there and confront a lion unless it happens to you spiritually. It just happened. I knew nothing was going to happen to me.

I believe God gave me a magic. I believe He searched me out and said, "Try that one."

EBONY: Did all this give you a new sense of the meaning of color and blackness?

PRYOR: Yes. . . . I went to a museum—Dr. L. S. B. Leakey has a museum in Kenya—to see the skull of a man [who lived millions of years ago] in Africa. It was something to know that it was a Black man who probably had the first thought.

EBONY: What did all this mean to you personally?

PRYOR: I got recharged in a way that I needed to be recharged. I got some insight, some spiritual consciousness, and I think that my trip to Africa helped bring me through my ordeal in the hospital. I don't think I would have lived without having a consciousness of self. It made me, it gave me—I had something to reach out to and hold onto and look to and know I was a part of. You know we weren't invented in 1954.

EBONY: No, we go back to the beginning.

PRYOR: Yes, sir. We were the first people on the planet . . . and because we didn't write books people make us feel that we didn't exist. And you know that's not true. To be a part of that, and to know that history, and to know that if we had failed, there would be no civilization. You know what I'm saying? If we had just said "f--- it" and turned it in, people would still be in trees.

EBONY: All this led to the big moment of enlightenment in the lobby of the Nairobi hotel. Did the visitation there make an immediate difference in the way you related to Blacks and Whites?

PRYOR: You know, it was a weird feeling knowing that I didn't think of myself [as a "nigger"] and when I walked through the airport in London after my trip, I knew they couldn't use it on me, and *they* knew it. Just the pride I felt in myself. A new game.

EBONY: Do you think your experience will help others?

PRYOR: Maybe just relating this story could mean something to somebody else. Because until we reach that respect for each other, nobody is going to have respect for us. What I was doing in the past was okay for then. I didn't know any better, so I'm not blaming myself for that. I just happen to know better now. You understand? I've grown and I know that we are much, much bigger people than we think.

EBONY: What would you say to Blacks reading this?

PRYOR: I would say think about it for a day, think about what you are thinking of when you say the word "nigger," and what image you have in your mind. What do you see? You don't see anything, really. It's not like when you say whitey. You see the man. It's always the White man and the "niggers," and that makes us—what? Nothing.

If I get married and divorced 800 times, that's what I'm going to have to do until I get it right."

EBONY: This has obviously made a big difference in the way Richard Pryor looks at Richard Pryor. How do you feel today?

PRYOR: I just feel fine. You understand? I feel free. I feel strong, and I can go anywhere in the world now. I never realized . . . when I said [the word "nigger"] I was thinking of myself, describing a part of me. Like I heard a man describe it better. He said it describes our own wretchedness, when we say that about each other. It's nothing positive. It's nothing to lay on our children. It can't make you feel good, because when the White man calls us that it hurts, no matter how strong we try to be about it. There's a *pain* in [that word].

EBONY: Oftentimes in life a lot of little lights turn on and lead to the big moment of illumination. Do you recall any small experiences leading up to that big moment in Africa?

PRYOR: It would have to start, maybe, at the beginning, from the first time, I guess, I was called "nigger," when you first cover yourself up. How can it, how can the outrage, be accepted? But people accommodate, and children all over America go home everyday and say, "Mamma, they called me a 'nigger.'"

EBONY: And they ask, "What does that mean?"

PRYOR: Yes, and we can't answer. It's terrible. It's devastating. It's a devastating thing for the Black psyche. And Black parents should go to school and pitch a bitch, just for their child, just scream and yell, "There is no 'nigger' in my family!" I mean, they [should do that] just for that child, so he will know, so he won't accept it.

EBONY: You were called "nigger" by Whites in Peoria, and you had fights about the word. Then you grew up and went out into the world and used it, you said, as a tactic, as a weapon. You said once that using the word took the sting out of it.

PRYOR: Yeah, I told myself all those lies.

EBONY: Are you ashamed when you see your famous albums, *That Nigger's Crazy* and *Bicentennial Nigger*.

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PRYOR: It doesn't do anything to me. It doesn't mean anything. I'm not *there* now. I thank God—I think people ought to be glad to grow.

EBONY: Have you slipped, since the big change, and said the word?

PRYOR: No. I don't think it. It's nowhere in my psyche any more. That's what made me cry. It's like 40 years of this torture left me. It filled me up, and it was over that day. And until it hits someone else the way it hit me, I don't think people will understand. The only way I can say it to make people try to understand it is, would you call your mother a "nigger." You understand? You have to apply it to yourself, your mother, your aunt.

EBONY: What about friends and acquaintances? Do they try you?

PRYOR: You know since I said I wasn't going to say it, I have been called "nigger" more, I think, than before. Yeah, people try me, and they feel stupid afterwards. But it's something they just can't accept. Black and White, it's something they just can't accept. They say, "How can you?"

... That's just the way it is, and I often feel funny when I see Black men and Black women in positions of power use it. It surprises me, you know, it really does. I say, you *got* to know better, you of *all* people. You got to know there is no such thing. ... If we want to use it apply it to something else, but not to me, because it was a name they used for slaves and therefore made them less than human and justified, in their own mind, the way they treated us. You understand? You're a "nigger," and you ain't a person. You can do anything to a "nigger." You don't have to talk to him, you don't have to feed him, you don't have to let him worship, you don't have to let him think—nothing.

EBONY: You've made the same point about other negative habits in the Black community ... calling other Blacks names.

"Would you call your mother a 'nigger'?"

PRYOR: That's a lack of self-esteem. And you know I often wonder what my act is going to be like [in the future]. I've watched my concert films and I realized how many times I said motherf-----, and it disturbed me. It disturbed me because I said, I'm not like that. I didn't mean that. Now why was I saying that? Was I scared? Why was I using that for a crutch? Why was I replacing one word with another?

EBONY: So you are reevaluating that word, too?

PRYOR: I just reevaluated everything. I mean, it's not necessary to just keep saying something for no—I guess for the shock value. If it's important to say it then use it but I just went on and on and on, saying it over and over. I said it about five thousand times. (Laughter.) I would have left the theater if I had been sitting there. Thank goodness, people don't look at it that way. But there is another way to relate.

EBONY: If it could speak directly to brothers on the block—you have so much influence with them, they love you so—what would you say?

PRYOR: Get off the block, and get on the square. *Knowledge*. Get something into your head. ... Go to school. They are there to teach you and schools can actually teach you something if you try. People have to respond to heart—I don't give a damn who it is. Human beings just have to respond. You got to fight for that dignity. It's your right to go to school. That's your right, and it's a privilege also. But standing on that corner, you ain't going to learn nothing, but nothing, standing on that corner ... because it's the

same old corner, it's the same old thing, it's wasting time. It's nice to do that every now and then but don't make that your goal. There is a lot of energy being wasted out there. You know, like that commercial says, "A mind is a terrible thing to waste."

EBONY: You said somewhere that you were amazed by the incredible strength of Black people, who survived slavery, segregation, cotton, blood, rats. Do we still have that—I think you called it—spiritual strength?

PRYOR: I think it's still there. But it's got to be used, because the women have helped the Black man for so long. Our mothers and fathers kept us alive. They *endured*, so we could be here for something. So now is the time. It's open now. Now is the time. You can't take no for an answer. You can't say "Whitey this" any more. That's dead. You got

"I feel funny when I see Black men and Black women in positions of power use [nigger]. It surprises me. I say, you got to know better, you of all people."

to get out there and do it and bump heads and get through. Then you'll feel proud about yourself for going through that and coming out on the other end. Then you'll know what I'm talking about. You see, I don't believe there is a man on the planet with a bigger heart than mine. I know some are stronger and handsomer, weaker, smarter, but nobody has a bigger heart. I ain't scared because I know that. I've learned that if you stay alive, you can learn something. You can't learn anything dead. You can't learn anything in the penitentiary but self-humiliation, and we already know that. ... A lot of these tricks and games are for gangsters, and a world of gangsters is not going to work. *But I just wish we wouldn't hurt each other, Black people, I really do. We're a lovely creation. We survived for some reason to do some thing.*

EBONY: Are you concerned about what's happening to America, the economic crunch, the movement to the right and the policies of the Reagan administration?

PRYOR: I thank God that Reagan is the kind of person that he is because he's united us. If it wasn't for Reagan people would still be apart. But because of everything happening to poor people, poor people are going to unite, like Martin Luther King wanted us to do. He's going to put us together and that is going to be his mistake. I think once poor people start using that thing called the vote [for] candidates who are going to benefit the people—I think that is the way change is going to come. But if it were not for people like Reagan, who are insensitive, people would go on as if everything is okay. ... But now Reagan is taking every-

"Children all over America go home everyday and say, Mamma, they called me a 'nigger'."

body. It's not just affecting Black people any more. He doesn't seem, the administration doesn't seem, to give a damn about anybody who needs something. ... If White people are having it hard, you know how hard Black people are having it. But the only way to do it is to find some White people to unite with, get something going and look for some more alternatives, as they say. Because now is our time, these few years we could use to grow, Black and White poor, you understand, and unite and have some hell of alternatives come 1984 or 1986, or whenever the next election is ...

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EBONY: What about changes in other areas, especially in the area of male-female relationships. Do you think we have to grow out of the whole Macho myth of masculinity?

PRYOR: If we don't, it's death. It leads nowhere, and if you don't grow life will dismiss you. Equality will free everybody. Because you can enjoy the sex more when there is equality. You can relax and know you don't have to do a performance—it can take a lot of heat off you. There are women out there who are guilty of castration and things like emasculation... But women have to fight back for the s--- they have been going through... Men control the world and seem to be on a Macho kick, but that s--- is dead. There is a gentler life ahead, I believe. I'm trying to get in touch with it, but it's really hard to give that s--- up.

EBONY: You have soared to heights reached by few actors or comedians, Black or White. People all over the country are lining up in the thousands to get into your movies, directors and producers are begging you to say one line in their movies. Are you frightened by all this?

PRYOR: Frightened in a sense, not frightened—what do you call it? It's new territory, and I'm taking off for a year after I do *Superman* just to understand the territory. I'm going to shut down everything and look at this.

EBONY: Shut down all systems?

PRYOR: Yeah. I want to see what I'm into first. Then I'll understand it and be in control of it, rather than being controlled by it. It's a dream, you see, it's done with mirrors, and it's in the circus. I have to remember that I'm in the circus. Sometimes you can take this s--- real serious and the circus is over, and you're still serious. You know what I mean? So I just want to enjoy it and look at it and see what it is I want to do with it. I can do anything I want to do now, so I said let me not do anything I want to do. Let me find out what it is I want to do for sure and then be specific and have something positive in mind... I have an opportunity to help maybe a lot of people or to harm a lot of people. I want to think about it and do the right thing and not be manipulated into making stupid mistakes. It's going to be over one day and while I'm here I want to be able to say I did something, made a contribution, that can continue afterwards—pass the baton on, you know—and not leave and then it's over and it'll be ten years before some other Black star comes along.

EBONY: We understand that you've been beseiged with SOS calls from Black actors and actresses.

PRYOR: A lot of Black actors and actresses and technical people out here are out of work. I can't help all of them. I get thousands of calls, sometimes angry calls, from people trying to get me to hire them. There are also angry calls from people saying I'm supposed to do something. I'm not supposed to do anything but be straight to Richard first. "To thine ownself be true."... I want to do a lot of stuff but I want to do it right, and I want to go away and think about it. I have two movie commitments [*The Toy* and *Superman III*]. I want to do my two commitments for the man and then I'm going to take charge of my own destiny, do my own films. Then I can say who works on my films. Whoever works on my films, though, will be people with quality, people who are qualified to work on my films. I will definitely be what they call an equal opportunity employer.

EBONY: You are perhaps the biggest crossover sensation in movie history. Millions of Whites have made your films the top grossers of the industry. What is your reaction to your crossover appeal?

PRYOR: I know my audience is mostly Black people, and I know I'm crossing over and White people accept me. I'm becoming more universal, and I accept the responsibility to grow into that. But I'm for justice. I've always been for justice. I'm always out for justice.

EBONY: You said once that "God gave me this magic." Why did you use the word "magic"?

PRYOR: I believe God gave me a magic. I believe there was a gift given to me, probably when I was a child; that God searched me out and found me and said, "Try that one." Somebody said, "Uh? That one." And God said, "Try him, I'm telling you. There's something about him, it's going to be all right." That has carried me through all of my trials and tribulations—my faith in God. I know a lot of people don't believe in God, but that's their business—they are entitled to it. God doesn't need you to believe in him to exist, either, because it's there anyway—and I have a great faith. Faith gives a great order to my life. It gives a great security to my life knowing that this universal knowledge is aware of my being. Because we're such *tiny* things, and to be hooked into something that powerful is magic.

EBONY: You were born on December 1, 1940, in Peoria, Illinois. Back there, in that world, Black people were on the ropes all over the world. Did it ever occur to you in your wildest imagination that you would be up here, up this high, in 1982.

PRYOR: No, No. *Never*. You see, I always thought I would have success but not like this. Not really become successful inside even. You understand what I mean? I achieved that, a *self* success. That's the real success, because failure can happen, but that success will never leave me. And you know what I want more than anything now? I'm 41, and I've been thinking about it a lot. I want a baby. *I want a baby so bad*. And I know that somewhere out there, there's a woman for me. There's a woman that loves me and respects me and I'll respect her and we'll be happy together and we'll have children. Because that is what I want more than anything, to raise a baby and learn from the baby and have him teach me and I'll teach him and we'll grow together and be friends. Because I never was with any of my other children from the beginning, you know. I was out there doing what I had to do, and now I really want to have a family because I think that's all that's missing in my life for my completion. And I'm at a stage in my life where I don't want to be abused any more or abuse anybody. So if I get married and divorced 800 times, that's what I'm going to have to do until I get it right, because I'm not going to settle for less. You understand? I'm not going to do that to myself. I deserve, I believe I deserve, the *best*. And if I treat a woman like a queen, she damn better treat me like a king. That's what I feel. And I'm going to search the world over for her because sometimes I see her in dreams.

The interview was over, and Richard Pryor, relaxed and gracious, exuding the eerie calm of a born-again mystic, walked his visitors to a car parked in the flower-bedecked courtyard of his Spanish-styled mansion. The interview had dealt by mutual agreement with certain defined subjects. But as they neared the car, one of the visitors, out of a sense of personal concern, asked a personal question.

"Have you finally found peace?"

Without missing a beat, Richard Franklin Pryor, son of Gertrude and Leroy Pryor, said:

"I have finally found the road to peace—and I know where it is."

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There were 628 lucky entries chosen winners in the Johnson Publishing Co. Royal Ebony Sweepstakes. First prize of \$50,000 went to Gary Stewart of Pickens, S.C. Vera Golatt of Washington, D.C. won the

\$10,000 second prize and Willie L. Ellis, also of Washington, won the \$2,500 third prize. There were five fourth prizes of \$1,000, 20 fifth prizes of \$500, 100 sixth prizes of \$100 and 500 seventh prizes of \$25.



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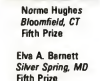
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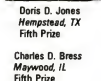
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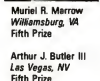
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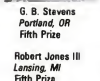
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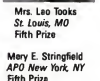
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